

HENRY FORD TELLS HIS NEW FAITH IN AMERICA

MAR 2,
1935



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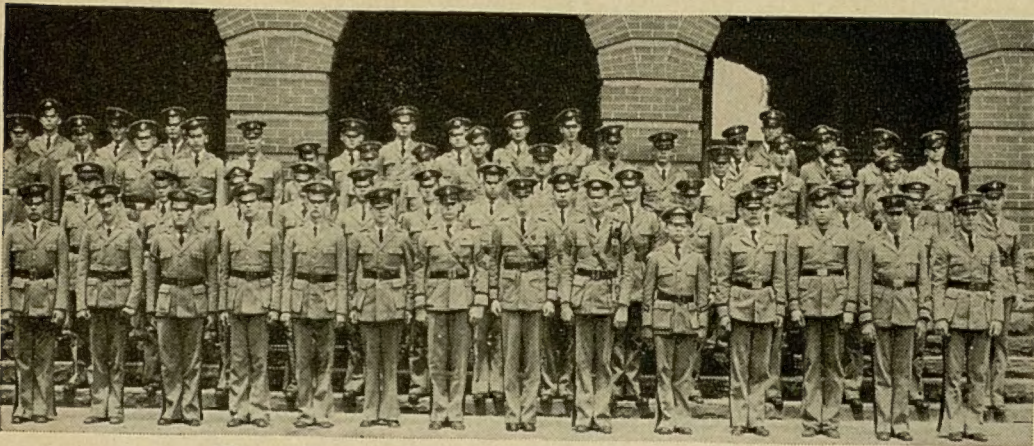
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IF YOU want your boy—the lad for whom you hope the best in life—to grow into a splendid, courageous, straight thinking, clean minded, physically perfect man ideally prepared to make a glorious success of whatever calling he undertakes, Castle Heights Military Academy will help him to attain that result.

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These Boys are Physically and Mentally Alert

end rather than a burden or punishment. His association with trained instructors of the highest type and the modern methods of instruction employed by Castle Heights assures him of the best possible mental development.

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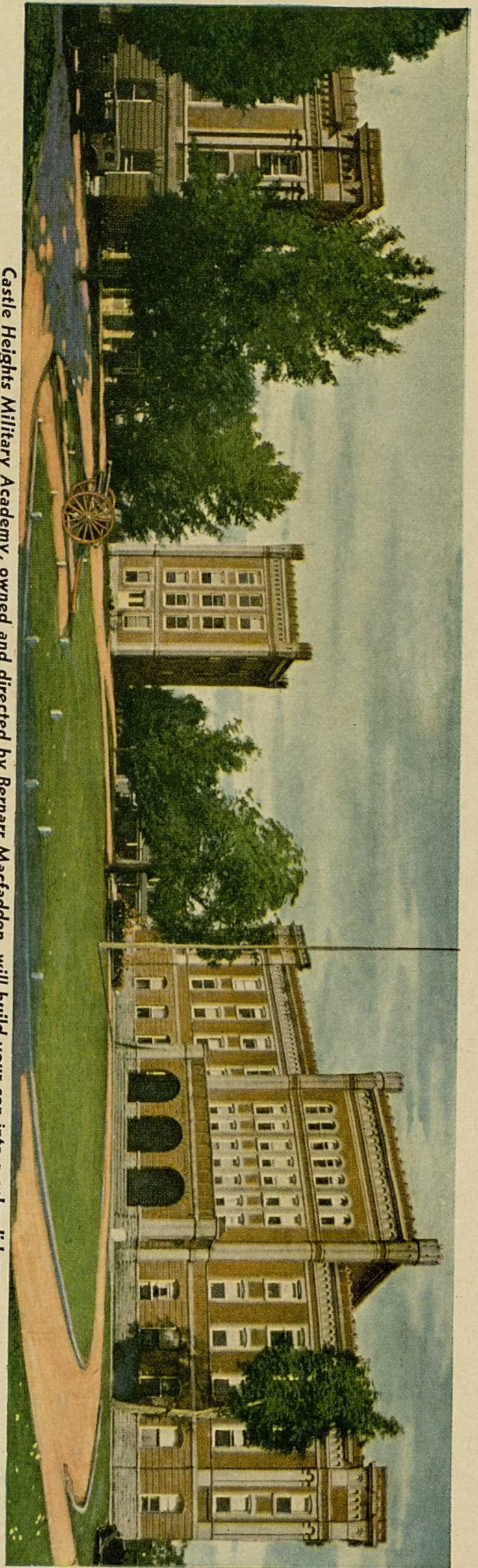
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Castle Heights Military Academy, owned and directed by Bernard Macfadden, will build your son into a splendid man



Col. H. L. Armstrong, President
CASTLE HEIGHTS MILITARY ACADEMY, Lebanon, Tennessee

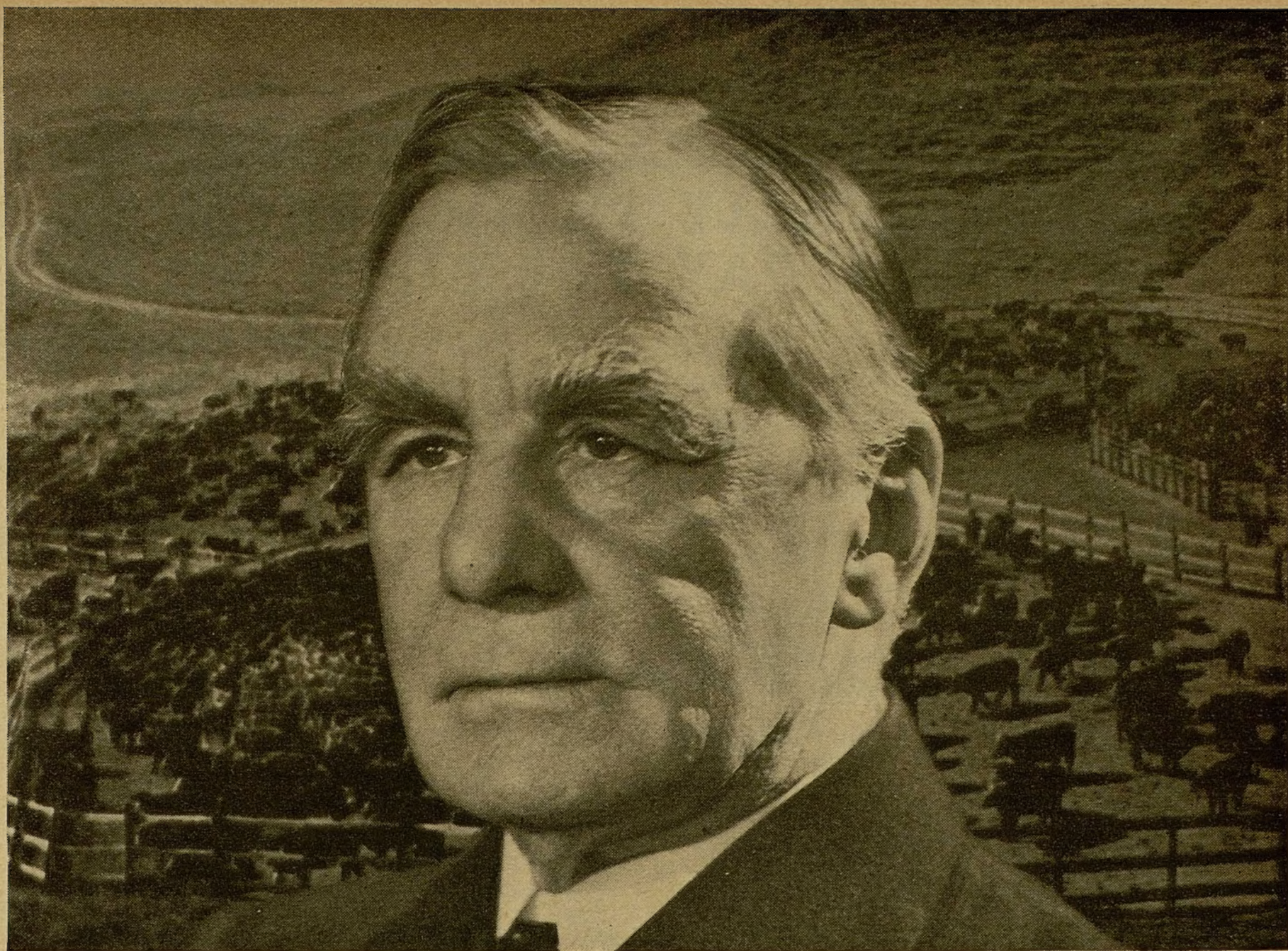
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Please send me detailed information regarding Castle Heights Military Academy, courses, terms, requirements, etc. My boy is _____ years of age.

Name _____

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City _____ State _____



Runs a Ranch as Big as Rhode Island but he's a **DENTAL CRIPPLE** just the same!

"Pink Tooth Brush" began it

BACK in the days when the tough, coarse foods of the "chuck wagon" were his daily fare, his teeth and gums got plenty of vigorous work. But with success came softer living and "civilized" foods—and that first dental warning of danger ahead—"pink tooth brush."

His own common sense should have warned him. His dentist told him he was headed for grief. But he wouldn't listen. And today he's a dental cripple.

"Pink tooth brush" is a serious matter. You can't ignore it! Our super-refined and too well-cooked foods do rob our gums of work. Professional opinion testifies again and again—"Your gums do need regular exercise"—"they

must have work for healthy hardness."

If your tooth brush shows "pink"—do the sensible thing. Don't encourage serious disorders such as gingivitis, Vincent's disease or even pyorrhea. Get a tube of Ipana and care for your gums as well as your teeth. Make gum massage with Ipana a regular part of your dental health routine.

Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. For Ipana with massage aids in getting a full, healthy circulation started, and in rousing sluggish gums back to natural firmness.

Begin to use Ipana. You may expect whiter teeth and healthier gums. And there are no better safeguards against the dangers that often follow the warning of "pink tooth brush."

Professional Opinion says:

- By a famous scientist:
"The fault of present-day diets is the eating of soft food, which compels no chewing."
- From a dental authority:
"We do not use our mastication muscles enough... and thus deprive the teeth and gums of circulating nourishment."
- A well-known text book states:
"Massaging or rubbing them (the gums) gently with the tips of the fingers will keep them in a firm, healthy condition."

IPANA

Tooth Paste



BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR

WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

AND FINALLY THE WORKERS WILL PAY THE BILLS



SOME employees are gleefully contemplating the attacks that are being made on business in governmental circles. It would not be so humorous if they knew that ultimately they will have to pay the extra bills that business will have to assume due to governmental tinkering.

There may be disagreements of all kinds between capital and labor, but whenever capital is making a liberal profit wages take an upward trend, and there are no exceptions to this rule.

During the boom period in this country there were no governmental rules and regulations which required wages to mount year after year until even what we might call "common laborers" were investing in stocks and bonds. Workers did not have to search for jobs at that time. Employers often had to search for workers. Jobs were plentiful and workers were often difficult to find. And when the depression appeared, due entirely to a wild inflation of values, the situation was reversed.

However, depressions are not death-dealing. This country has passed through many of them. But all previous ones were handled by business. There were no governmental "fixers." The wild theories of Brain Trusters were not considered. Practical hard-headed men of business directed the forces that brought business back to normal. And previous depressions rarely lasted more than a year or two.

All the various plans which legislators are forming at this time to regulate and restrict the profits of business will ultimately come out of the pockets of the workers.

Whenever business is allowed full swing, is stimulated and promoted, capital is encouraged, confidence in the future mounts to a high-water mark, money is invested freely, and wages are gradually increased. Intelligent workers cannot fail to understand, whether they acknowledge it or not, that they are in one sense partners with capital. Whenever

you find an organization in which employer and employees work together in harmony, where there is a mutual understanding of the business problems they have to encounter, the workers in every such instance secure a fair share of the profits of the business. When profits increase, salaries increase.

During the depression all business organizations with a background of this harmonious understanding reduced wages in accordance with their needs, and employees held their jobs. Employees had to live on a smaller income during this period, luxuries had to be curtailed; but the workers were not thrown out altogether. They were intelligent enough to realize the employers' problems must be given consideration. And where this need was recognized, and where the business was managed with the intelligence that comes from farsighted experience, the depression did not necessarily mean destruction and bankruptcy.

But the workers have to pay the bill. Higher taxes, costly restrictions borne by business—all must be added to the cost of everything sold to the workers. Every business man will have to add to the price of what he sells to make up for his losses; every real estate owner will have to add to his rent for the same purpose. More money for rent, shoes, clothing, food. Everything the workman buys, regardless of its nature, must be increased in price to pay these bills. Costly governmental mistakes, the huge cost of keeping millions of people on the dole, all will ultimately be paid for by the workers. They do not realize it at this time; but the huge debt, mounting to billions upon billions, will some day have to be paid. And the workers will have to foot the bill in added cost for everything they purchase.

It is doubtless difficult for the average employee to grasp the significance of this conclusion. But careful study will prove this statement to be truthful and dependable.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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Let Freedom Ring!

There's a new spirit in the air these days. More time to play—fewer “don'ts” in the rule book—and a freer rein to fun all around. And maybe you'll grant to Spud just one small addition to the picture: *it freed our daily enjoyment of smoking from the nagging restraint of a dry, stale mouth.* Spud took the limits off smoking pleasure when it took the irritating *heat* out of smoke. With Spuds in your pocket, you can safely lose count of how many you smoke—your mouth will never tell next morning.

CORK TIP or PLAIN



SPUD

MENTHOL-COOLED
CIGARETTES

15^c FOR 20
(20c IN CANADA)

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

HENRY FORD

TELLS

His New Faith in AMERICA



READING TIME
5 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

WE have faith in America out here in Dearborn. We have so much faith that we have set as our production goal one million new cars—or more. This is the highest goal we have set in four years. As far as we are concerned the depression is over and we are going forward in that faith and on that assumption this year. The last year that we passed the million mark was 1930, when we made 1,485,000 cars.

I feel that when the depression is over in our thinking, it will be over for the whole country. If American industrialists had faith in the American people and in the great resources of American individualism, and if American business men would stop looking for a Santa Claus and would take firm hold of their own business organizations and run them with good sound common American horse sense, you would see results in a hurry.

During the next ten months we are putting \$5,500,000 into capital improvements which have already commenced and which will about double the power capacity of our River Rouge plant. This indicates more than anything I can say that our attitude is one of confidence.

That expenditure was made necessary by the enlargement of the steel plant at the River Rouge. When all of the collateral requirements of this forward move are fulfilled we will have expended \$10,000,000 with other concerns throughout the country in machinery and services of various sorts. No industry can receive benefits without dispensing benefits. The only question is, *who is to start the movement?* Some are entirely willing to distribute benefits after they have received benefits. But that way is not always successful. You must give before you can receive. The getters are always losing; it is the givers who stay in the game. The best giving is investing.

The least any one can do is to try and give as much as you get. Now, that applies to the hiring of men. If you hire a man for the purpose of pumping out of him everything you can get, the chances are you will get mighty little. It is better to begin by putting something into the man you hire. The farmer knew, without having to go to an agricultural school, that you had to feed the soil to get a crop. He also learned that at certain times you had to let fields lie fallow for a year or two. The depression might be looked upon as our fallow years. Considered in that way they would have been useful to us. As a matter of fact that is precisely the use we made of the depression in our company. We began to do things we had been too busy to do before. We opened a new chapter in automobile history as a result of it. The V-8 car came out of that period. You can bemoan a depression, or you can use it.

Always keep a child or a man doing something a little in advance of what he thinks he can do. There are some men who always think themselves little until the right man comes along and asks them to do something big—and they do it. A boy told me the other day—his name was Jackie—that he learned to swim by falling into the Rouge River and finding he had to swim or go down. We have learned in this nation during the last four years that we “can take it,” as the boys say, and that it takes a lot of doing to hurt these United

States. That is one reason we of Dearborn have not shown any fear of what has happened—and that also is the reason why I have faith in the immediate future of America. The far-off future everybody agrees is safe. But the immediate future is safe too. Wise men are getting ready to start *now*.

Every man who came to this country in its early days was an individualist. Every pioneer who settled it and opened up the West was an individualist. It is always the desire of individuals to have a chance at freedom and to carve out their own lives. We are all the descendants of that kind of people, and we are still pioneering. There are other wildernesses to conquer besides those our forefathers found.

When people try to take individualism out of the average American they are trying the impossible. It simply cannot be done. The American people will not be regimented because they can't be. Other nations may be quite agreeable to such a process, but not the people of America. The so-called foreigners who have come to us in the last century were all individualists. In fact, most of them came here to escape regimentation.

It is most interesting to note who it is that asks us to eliminate individualism from the American people. We usually find that the very persons, or leaders, who propose to regiment us are themselves the most unregimented among us. The three typical regimenters of the world today—they are all outside America—are perhaps the most outstanding individualists on earth.

What our own would-be American regimenters propose to do about their own extreme individualism they do not tell any one. Are they so convinced of its evil that they are willing to sacrifice it along with ours? They are prescribing for us but not for themselves. They have as their goal reducing our people to masses, but they evidently have it in their minds to remain the masters. Of course this event will not come off.

As we look back and see our own people coming into this wilderness more than 300 years ago, their every attitude and act is marked by initiative. Every man jack of them was a self-starter. They had to carve out their

**A Ringing Affirmation of Belief
in Better Times for All of Us...
He Is Backing His Judgment with
Deeds and Dollars, Says the Great
Industrialist in an Interview with
WILLIAM L. STIDGER**



Wide World photo

Henry Ford—and the Ford
plant at River Rouge, Mich.



SKETCHED FOR
LIBERTY BY
STEPHEN
GROUT

own destinies. They had no machines, no bosses, no one to look to but themselves. If they wanted houses, they had to build them. If they wanted food, they had to grow it. Nothing was done *for* them. They had to do everything for themselves. They grew and prospered. This nation was founded by individual initiative.

Government overseas feared their progress and tried to prevent it. The colonists were forbidden to import machinery. So they created their own. The first patent granted on our soil was given on a device invented by a farmer's wife. If you have ever studied our collections of Americana at Dearborn, you have seen how every kitchen in the colonies gave evidence of the inventive genius of the American. Nothing could stop the spirit of self-help.

Now, the only hope of the American people is to revive those qualities. We still have them. The strain of stock and breed in a tree, a horse, a man, and in a nation is indestructible. I have always believed that the American

people are the pioneer essence of all the nations represented here, and that essence does not evaporate. The qualities that brought them here are still within them. There is no substitute for them. Our national mistake has been that we ever thought there could be any substitute for them. When the cardinal and inclusive quality of individualism begins to stir again, as surely it will, in our 125,000,000 individual Americans, we shall see the nation move forward.

That is what I expect to see this coming year. That is why I believe in the immediate future of this nation. This country is going to need all the production it can get. Overproduction? Everything has been underproduced and overpriced.

We are going to see lavish production of high-quality goods in every line at prices every one can pay so that every one may be supplied. That is a condition this country has never seen as yet, but it is coming.

THE END



The Lady of the Letters

READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

BILL CHANDLER quit looking at the lizards outside the window, opened his bathrobe at the neck, threw back his head, closed his eyes, and let his hands rest lightly on the arms of the rocker.

"I don't care how long I stay here," he thought, "so long as I can bathe in the sun every morning."

At the same time he realized that when the sun had passed behind the peak above the sanitarium, and the thin mountain air had cooled, his brooding disrelish for the place would return, and the bitter nostalgia.

The faint crackle of starched linen interrupted his meditations; and a fresh clean new odor, an aroma more delicate than the smell of piñon trees and mesquite sage the winds brought from the peak, but just as definite, made him open his eyes. Miss Williams had entered the room.

There had been times at night—especially during the first few months when he was at his lowest—when he'd awakened in the dark and felt a sort of childish terror at being alone. Only the

THE THINGS SHE SAID—"YOU'RE LOOKING SPLEND

**The Story of a Man Who Fell in Love
with a Girl He Made Up in His Mind—
A Buoyant Tale of Dreams, a Dismaying
Mistake, and a Blithe Awakening**

**b y E D W A R D
D O H E R T Y**

swish of Miss Williams's skirts and the faint perfume of her nearness reassured him, soothed him back to sleep.

Once when he woke thus—not in the dark, for the dim night light was burning—he had almost strangled with horror. Then it had required more than her mere presence to quiet and calm him. It needed her cool hands on his forehead, her professionally calm voice, her good-natured manner, her excuse, "I was just outside your door."

It was bitter to remember those moments of weakness and cowardice and utter dependence on a woman. They stabbed him with shame and resentment—shame at himself, resentment at her because she had witnessed his humiliation.

No other nurse bore such a clean and wholesome aroma. No other uniform crackled and swished exactly like hers. He had proved that to himself.

"Life here is so exciting," he once wrote Lenore, "that I put in whole days comparing the different sounds made by the nurses' uniforms. I can tell them apart in the dark."



MATHIE

N'T IT DELIGHTFUL HERE?"—CLUNG TO HIS MEMORY.

"If you took me in your arms,
you'd find out how real I am!"



ILLUSTRATIONS BY
HUBERT MATHIEU

Nurse Williams was standing by Bill's chair when he opened his eyes, exactly where he expected to find her. She had a glass of milk in her left hand—milk and eggs. She was smiling.

"Nourishments," she said.

She didn't have to stay in his room all night any more. He hadn't had a night nurse in nearly a year. Miss Williams was on the day shift, and came to his room three times during her hours of duty, bringing him "nourishments."

"Good morning," he answered, getting up. "Eleven o'clock so soon?"

"You look very well this morning, Mr. Chandler."
"Thanks."

He took the milk from her hand.

"I hope there's no bad news in this," she said.

"Bad news? A bad egg, you mean?"

Miss Williams laughed, not at all professionally, and held out her right hand. His gaze had been centered on the milk. He hadn't seen her right hand before. There was a telegram in it. He put down the milk, took the message from her, mumbled an excuse, ripped off one end of the envelope, and turned toward the light.

THE nurse took advantage of the moment to tuck a frivolous strand of hair under her funny cap; but she was more concerned with her patient's reflection in the mirror than with her own. He seemed both pleased and alarmed.

"I'm having a visitor," he announced. "She's coming this afternoon."

"How nice!" Miss Williams said. "Drink your milk."

"She's going to Pasadena to see the football game. And she's stopping off at Tucson. Coming here by motor. 'Very excited,' she says."

"She's excited?" the nurse asked with a clinical frown.

"Oh, I'm calm as your old cactus garden," Bill said, "though there do seem to be little balloons pulling my temperature up."

"Drink your nourishments and relax."

Bill caught up the glass, drained it, handed it back with a grimace.

Miss Williams reached for his pulse mechanically; but he eluded her, thrusting the telegram into a pocket and half turning to look out through the window at the little town sprawling in the hot sand at the bottom of the mountain.

"She ought to be here around two o'clock," he said. "Don't you think so?"

"Two or a little before. It depends, of course, on how fast she comes. You'd better not take her for much of a stroll. You had a long walk this morning. And it'll be chilly."

Bill had seen himself taking Lenore through the gardens and then to Lookout, and maybe a little way down the road to the gorge. But Miss Williams was right. He was still not quite strong, and it would be cold. Then, too, Lenore'd be choking with dust and sand when she arrived; and she'd be tired from the long trip.

"Why don't you have her to tea in the visitors' drawing room?" Miss Williams asked.

"Great!" Bill said, turning to her eagerly.

"I'll arrange it with Miss Prilly."

THE drawing room was a gloomy place with stiff black-leather chairs, a mission table on which were a number of tattered and dusty magazines—never any of the new issues—and a God-awful moose head staring down from above the fireplace. It smelled of sand and grit and wood ashes and sun-heated leather. But it was better than the windy out-of-doors.

"You're all right," he said.

Miss Williams acknowledged this compliment with a demure and quite unprofessional curtsy.

"Thank you so much!" she said.

She sailed toward the door in that effortless walk that made him liken her to a mechanical doll.

"Oh," she said, whirling around, "please don't forget, Mr. Chandler—you are to report in the weighing room before dinner. That's important."

"Don't go," Bill begged, to his own surprise and hers. "Let's talk. Something's happened to me. I feel sort of—sort of unlocked. I'm a human being again—just when I thought I was getting institutionalized."

Nurse Williams hesitated and said she should be making out her charts; but she sailed to the straight chair near the bed and sat down. Her eyes softened and something like maternal sympathy came into them.

"I know exactly how you feel," she said. "It seems almost staggering to have a visitor, doesn't it? After so many months! You can hardly believe it's true. Oh, this visit's a break in the tedious routine. Naturally you want to talk. You're so excited you have to talk. And yet, you're a little afraid of your reactions, aren't you?"

"You think I'm so unused to talking to a girl that I have to practice on you?"

Had he heard her rightly? Did she really say "nachaly" and "yo'r afraid"? He'd never noticed any hint of Dixie in her voice before.

"No, it isn't that," he went on. "I have let the grass grow on my tongue, I'll admit—and it will take a good lawn mower to cut it. But I'm not afraid to talk. The reason I've been so tongue-tied with everybody, I guess, is because I've felt so glum, so morose."

"But you've been sick so long," she came rushing to his defense; "and so desperately sick!"

"Well, I must be getting better. Because right now I have a crazy desire to talk—or to listen to some one talking. Tell me your first name, why you started nursing lungers, what you like most, what you hate worst, what you're afraid of, have you ever been sick, are you easily bored, do you like rooms like this, do you like milk and eggs, where were you born?"

Miss Williams pretended a comic dismay.

"Oh, sir!" she said, laughing with her eyes, "no man has ever talked to me thus before. My first name is Enid. I was named after the hired girl because she was nice to my mother. I work to eat. I love dancing, pretty clothes without starch in them, silk stockings, and frivolous books. And—oh, yes—cheesecake. I adore cheesecake. I hate spiders and spinach and washing dishes, and I detest the radio! I'm afraid of doctors and vinegar-rooms. I'm twenty-three—though you didn't ask me that—single, the third child and my father's favorite. I was born in Lexington, Kentucky, and I've never been sick in my life."

Bill puffed up his face to imitate that of Dr. Ingram.

"My poor child," he said in the doctor's hoarse voice, "what you need is plenty of fresh air, sunshine, exercise, milk and eggs, right living, right thinking—and a decent pair of lungs."

Miss Williams twitched and turned her head quickly toward the door.

"Not so loud, Mr. Chandler," she said. "Suppose he walked in on us!"

But the next moment she was laughing.

"You're getting well," she said. "Your visitor will find you much improved."

"She's never seen me," Bill said. "And I've never seen her."

Miss Williams said nothing, but a slight flush mantled her cheeks and she gave him a strange searching look.

"I've never even seen her picture," Bill added, wondering at her expression. "But we've been writing to each other almost since the day I came here—one year, seven months, and fifteen days. She's a friend of Cordelia's—my sister Cordelia. You met Cordelia, didn't you?"

"Yes. Last May."

Miss Williams rose suddenly and again sailed toward the door. But she lingered there.

"Did you know Mr. Book?"

"Book? A big heavy-set man? Sort of a crank? The one who got married here?"

"Yes. He was a writer—or an editor; I never was sure. One day I told him there was another writer here—Miss Semple. He asked me to take a message to her. That's how it started."

She sailed back to her chair. "They used to write each other most every day. I'd take his letters to her, and hers to him."

"What was she like?" Bill asked. "I don't remember her at all."

"'Bout fifty, I'd say. Very thin. Very nice. She wrote for religious publications. An old maid. Wore glasses that made her look something like an owl."

MR. BOOK, it seems, was a trifle cranky, and sneaked cigarettes, and cursed manfully when he "ran a temp," and had once thrown a pillow at Miss Prilly because she told him to relax. He had tried to bribe Miss Williams to steal some of Miss Semple's pieces.

"A tough hombre," Bill pronounced him. Under his breath he repeated the nurse's phrase, "He off'ed me a dime." But he could sympathize with the crotchety old fellow—especially the day he felt well enough to go see his correspondent and was thrown back into bed because he had a fever.

And Miss Semple had troubles too—especially a black dress she'd ordered from Chicago to wear on the great day. When it came—and didn't fit—she too had to go back to her bed.

The day arrived. Miss Williams took Mr. Book into the garden and left him on a bench. Then she led Miss Semple to him, in her second-best dress.

"Were they disappointed in each other?" Bill had to ask.

"I don't know," she said gravely. "Their eyes were so bright, looking at each other, I ran away. I was afraid I'd cry. But they were married, there in the garden, a week or so after you came."

"And the wedding breakfast, I'll bet—was raw eggs in milk."

"It was, at that. And bride and groom went back to bed with fever. But they left here cured."

"And lived happily ever after?"

The nurse shook her head, rose abruptly, and sailed across the room to look through the window at the twisted and wind-blown trees.

"They hadn't married each other," she said. "They married each other's letters. It wasn't the same, of course. It never is. It never could be. They got a divorce, poor things. And now—now they've sort of forgotten each other. They're writing again. Wouldn't surprise me if they married again."

BILL went to her side, a little disturbed. Was he going to marry a letter?

"Look at all this glory out here," she said. "Sun on the mountains. Red rocks, purple, blue. Sun in the valley and in the gorges across. Sun on the sand. Doesn't it shimmer, though? Sometimes I don't see it. Before I came here a friend wrote me all about it. I had my own pictures of it, my own dreams. It isn't anything like I pictured. It couldn't be! Yet it's like paradise, isn't it—when you do see it?"

She sailed abruptly out, and Bill resumed his seat in the sun, wondering if all her talk had been a message to him, a warning, a caution against too great disappointment.

It was Cordelia who had started the correspondence between Lenore and Bill.

"You won't be lonesome there, darling," she told Bill just before his train left from New York. "Not really. We'll all write. And I'll have Lenore Fenton write you too. You'll love her letters, Bill. It'll be like hearing from Mme. de Staël, or Constance Bennett, or people like that."

"Who is she?" Bill had asked. "What does she do?"

But the train had started before Cordelia had time to answer—and, though Cordelia had come twice to visit Bill, he had never asked her again. Lenore's letters had partly answered the question.

Lenore Fenton didn't seem to "do" anything—unless it was to travel, to enjoy life, and to write letters to Bill.



Miss Williams reached for his pulse, but he eluded her.

She wrote with great round letters, seldom putting more than twenty words on a page. She never wrote scandal. She never gushed. She never wrote a line that didn't interest him.

His letters to her had contained mostly character delineations, and stories he had picked up from doctors and internes and nurses, from fellow patients, from the Indian servants. He had given her the story of Freda Diamond and her father—"the last bad man of the West." He had described Miss Prilly, the acidulous head nurse; Mr. Pealy, the demon poker player whose blood pressure rose whenever he held better than two pair. He had painted Mrs. Ems, who sang in the chapel on Sundays, with her eyes shut tight and her body swaying from side to side; and Mrs. Canning, who cheated on her diet and talked incessantly of the dog she had been forced to leave at home—"poor luvvums"; and Dr. Ingram interviewing a new patient; and Ackerman, the lawyer, who subscribed to his home-town paper merely to take mind bets on the races. Every day he played a horse in each race, spent all evening wondering how much he'd won or lost, and spent all morning near the reception desk waiting for the arrival of next day's paper. It was his only hold on life.

Before one o'clock, Bill, wrapped warmly, was sitting on the bench in the cactus garden, watching the penciled road along which Lenore's car must come.

Now he could show her all the odd characters he had depicted. She had said they were priceless and that some day he must put them into a book. But he didn't see them as characters for a novel, only as lonely men and women trying to live, to endure. One came very close to them, closer than one realized—too close sometimes. That was inevitable. And it was queer but true—the closer one came, the less clearly one saw. Pity or contempt or ridicule obscured the vision.

He couldn't help hoping she was the girl he had created. He tried to assure himself that she would be.

"She'll be small," he prayed, "and her hair will be straight and brown. She'll be quiet with the blessed quiet of rare women. She'll sit with her knees close together, and her hands will be in her lap, the fingers interlaced and standing like an Indian tepee, white slim fingers. Maybe she won't be pretty. That doesn't matter, much. But she'll have soft brown eyes—beautiful eyes. And she'll have a beautiful mouth, an exquisite mouth. Her voice will be pleasant, and she'll laugh a lot. Her voice will be low and sweet, and she'll never say anything mean."

Always when he had written her he had pictured her thus. And, thus fixed in his mind, she was more a drug to him, more a grip on life, than Ackerman's daily racing dope. He confessed he was afraid of meeting her. And having confessed, he felt better. Illusions die, but one survives them without tears. Even if she had a beard, he swore, he would not let himself be disappointed.

He closed his eyes and smelled the winds, smelled sage and thyme and mesquite and piñon and dust.

AGAINST his will he must have slept some little time; for when he looked at the road he saw a car less than half a mile from him, coming fast up the mountain—a red meteor with miles of dust for a tail.

He got up quickly and started down the graveled path to the gate, his heart hammering with fear and hope. He arrived at the gate a few moments before the auto, and threw up his arm in welcome. He stood by one of the two stone pillars, panting and trying to be calm.

The car stopped and a girl got out of it. Bill felt chagrin surge through him. That wasn't Lenore. He had stopped a strange woman's car. She must think him a cheeky fool.

She was lovely! She was lovelier than any girl he had ever encountered, even in his dreams. She was lovelier than any picture of a girl. Even in the dust she was lovely—so lovely Bill was shocked into painful rigidity. He tried to apologize for his mistake, but he couldn't talk. He had no breath.

She smiled at him gayly, companionably, a girl in a smoky gray furred tweed suit and a little hat that looked something like a deaconess's bonnet. Her hair was

bright, gloriously bright. Her eyes were gray. She was tall and slender, deliciously graceful.

Her smile thawed Bill.

"I knew you at once," she said. Her voice was musical but not soft. It rang like silver. "You look so like Cordelia."

He answered her somehow, made her welcome. He never remembered what he said to her. Words came to his tongue mechanically, were uttered, were forgotten.

But the things she said, even the most trivial and commonplace—"You're looking splendid. Isn't it delightful here? I love cactus"—clung to his memory like burrs.

"But you're cold," she said when they had strolled about the garden. "You mustn't stay out here."

He was shivering but he didn't feel cold. In fact he felt uncomfortably warm. Her solicitude made him even warmer.

Some one had placed bowls of fresh-cut asters in the drawing room and kindled a fire of mesquite wood in the grate. Bill thought he knew who that was, and felt grateful. The aromatic smell of the burning wood and the brightness of the flowers transformed the room as though by magic. He noted too that there were clean new magazines on the center table, and a box of cigarettes.

HE helped Lenore with her coat, and shoved two chairs before the fire. The chairs were heavy, but he was glad of the exertion they caused him. It compensated somewhat for the ridiculous numbness of his mind.

Some measure of ease and naturalness returned to him as she talked, giving him the latest news of Scarsdale—a dance at the Pendletons', a tremendous snowfall, an accident on the Bronx River Parkway, Cordelia's Christmas party.

A maid served tea.

"Isn't that Freda Diamond?" Lenore asked when the maid retired—"the daughter of the last bad man of Arizona?"

Bill nodded.

"I recognized her from your letters," Lenore explained, "even if you didn't say how pretty she was."

"Pretty? Why—I guess she is."

"There are lots of pretty women here," Lenore said, her eyes amused. "Some of the nurses, the few I've seen, are beautiful—Bill."

The shock of hearing her pronounce his name in that musical way—that caressing way—made him almost lose the sense of her statement.

"Nurses? You've seen nurses? I haven't seen one since you came!"

Lenore laughed and sprinkled the room with ecstasy.

"The windows were full of them," she said; "the prettiest nurses I've seen anywhere."

Bill smiled and shook his head.

"Nurses are always pretty, even when they aren't," Bill declared. "It's the uniform, and the contrast to the sick women. They are the only healthy people here, the nurses. Even the doctors aren't so healthy as they. Now, you take a healthy girl and put her in the midst of a lot of sick people, and make her wear an immaculate starched uniform—"

"They're really pretty," Lenore interrupted—"contrast or no contrast, uniform or no uniform. You must have been very, very sick, Bill Chandler, not to have noticed that."

She took a cigarette, lit it, flung the match into the grate, crossed her knees and swung one exquisite leg. She talked earnestly of beauty for a time. She talked just as earnestly of football, moving pictures, music, politics, and diet.

She never sat with her knees close together, nor did she once interlock her fingers. Her hands seemed ever in motion, making graceful gestures, making beauty. She was more brilliant than her letters had indicated, more witty, more sophisticated, more charming. Bill began to feel like a little boy left too long at a grownup party.

Miss Prilly entered a little before five o'clock—nothing faint about the crackle of her linen—to inquire if Miss Fenton wouldn't have dinner before she left.

"You know what an awful trip it is back to Tucson,"

she reminded Lenore, "and no place to get a really good dinner. Now I could serve a dinner for two right here, and delighted, if you wish."

"Thank you so much," Lenore said. "I stopped at a Mexican house on the way up, a delightfully dirty adobe hut, and had the most wonderful frijoles! And I promised to have dinner with them."

She turned to Bill, radiant, soft.

"They had three of the loveliest babies ever born. You'd love them, Bill! You couldn't help it."

She left before six o'clock. Bill, carefully wrapped, escorted her to the car. The stars were out. They hung very low. Lights bloomed in the town. At the last moment Lenore put her warm little hand in his cold one and pressed his palm gently.

"I'm so glad I came," she said. "It's been wonderful! Cordelia will scream when I tell her how perfect you are. And—I'll be seeing you again soon."

Many things came to Bill's lips and died there. They were so ineffectual, so confused. He had no words of his own to bid her good-by nor to describe the emotions she made him feel. He couldn't describe them even to himself. All he could manage was an echo: "I'll be seeing you." He felt like a fool.

He looked at the stars, going back from the gate, and at a wan moon impaled on the peak above him. He addressed them.

"I'll be seeing you," he said.

He went directly to his room, threw off his overcoat, wriggled out of his two sweaters, and shed his coat and vest. He was still warm, glowing. He felt his forehead.

"What has she done to me?"

His pulse was fast, running away, running over the mountains, following her car. He should have been alarmed, but he wasn't. He thought it was funny, hilariously funny. He thought it was wonderful. He thought—he didn't know what he thought!

"And where's the great Bill Chandler?" he asked himself. "Why, he's turned into a poor sap so dazed he can only mumble, 'I'll be seeing you.'"

And Nurse Williams had thought he'd be disappointed! What a joke that was! He laughed aloud in triumph, in sheer elation. Something beautiful and perfect had happened. Something even more beautiful and quite as perfect was about to happen. What was it? A letter from Lenore? No. Lenore wouldn't write now for a week; maybe more.

HE must write to her quickly, before the mood could vanish. He rushed to his desk, took paper from a box, and poised his fountain pen.

"Dear Lenore."

Writing to her shook off all worries, all doubts, all melancholy, all undue excitement. It eased the throbbing of blood, lowered fever. He was calm when he wrote her, poised, relaxed—not a consumptive making a slow recovery in a dreary sanitarium, but a man of the world who saw clearly and drew clear pictures of the people around him.

He began to write.

"You have just left—"

He sat back and smiled. That wasn't true. She hadn't gone at all. She never could go very far so long as he had a pen to conjure her back. He wrote her name, and there she was, a little girl with straight brown hair and soft brown eyes and a beautiful mouth, a tender quiet girl who sat quietly facing him, her knees close together, her hands in her lap, the fingers interlaced and held as though to make an Indian tepee. There was a warmth in her eyes as blessed as the morning sun.

Bill Chandler stood up quickly and the pen fell to the floor.

That wasn't Lenore. Lenore was bright, brighter than the sun on the mountains, lovelier than the evening star, gayer than the lark.

It wasn't Lenore who had gone. It was the girl he had created out of his illness, out of his spotted lungs, the tender quiet companion who had eased him through bitter hours. He reached out and tore the paper into shreds and let them fall slowly on the floor.

"You have just gone indeed. You who never lived!

You were a shadow, and you never will be real. You were a lie, and you never can come true."

He saw himself dripping paper tears on a grave and trying to laugh—to laugh at the agony of grief, the sense of irreparable loss; to laugh because it was foolish and untrue.

"I'm a fool," he said.

He went to the window and pressed his face against the cool glass. Lenore's face was out there in the dark, in the brilliance of the stars—glorious, gay, making fun of him.

The faint crackle of starched linen came to his ears, a fresh clean odor to his nostrils. Nurse Williams. Why must she come now, walking over a grave? Had she come to jeer?

"There, little boy, don't cry," she'd say. "They've taken your doll, I know. Drink up all your milk. Relax."

"Six o'clock," was what she said. "Nourishments."

Bill made no answer, did not turn.

"I had a peek at your visitor," she went on. "We all did. She's the most gorgeous creature I ever saw. I didn't dream there was anything like her alive."

SOMETHING in his attitude, in his rigid suffering profile, alarmed her. She put down the glass and sailed toward him, and felt his forehead and his pulse.

"You're ill," she said.

She made him sit on the bed. She took his bathrobe from the closet and put it around his shoulders. Then she thrust a thermometer under his tongue, dragged the straight-backed chair close to him, and seated herself, watching him with concern.

"I do hope it's nothing serious," she said. "You were so well this morning, and you've been so well for weeks. We were all so proud of you! Dr. Ingram said only this morning that if your weight was right, and you continued to improve, you could go home next month. But now—"

Next month? Bill was frightened. He didn't want to go home next month, nor ever. He wanted to stay here, here in this room. If he stayed, and if he kept on writing, that little girl he had created would not die.

But she had already died!

He wanted to tell Miss Williams about her, even if she did laugh at him and think him crazy.

"Don't talk," she said sternly. "Keep the thermometer still."

He smiled at her sternness—it was so unlike her. Smile answered smile.

Why, she was pretty! He must tell her what Lenore had said about pretty nurses. She was astonishingly pretty—not so striking, so breath-taking, as Lenore, but just as beautiful in another way. She was little and soft and new—new as the dawn—new and fragrant. Her hair was brown and straight, not bright like Lenore's. Her eyes weren't gray. They were brown. Her mouth was exquisite.

Why hadn't he ever noticed her before? Because she had been so close to him? She was the woman who used to lull him to sleep with the rustling of her linen and the aroma of her presence. Many a night he had wakened to find her as she was now—sitting under the lamp, not reading, not sewing, not doing anything but watch him, her knees close together, her hands in her lap, the fingers interlaced and held up to make an Indian tepee.

The thrill of his discovery numbed him for a second. He felt he had witnessed a miracle, a resurrection. The dream had put on flesh and life!

He jerked the thermometer from his mouth.

"Writing to another girl, I dreamed you," he said. "I created you. Or I thought I did. I thought I was creating—her. But—she was different. She wasn't you. You—you're not real, are you, Enid?"

She sat reading him, tenderness growing in her eyes, and a serene great joy.

"You didn't dream," she said at last, her voice so low he scarcely heard it. "I'm very real."

She stood up, and Bill stood up.

"I'm still dreaming," he said.

She shook her head. "If you took me in your arms," she said, "you'd find out how real I am!"

THE END



WOMEN on the Warpath



**A Tale of Five Cities—and How Criminals There
Have Learned to Fear Feminine Wrath**

by MAXINE DAVIS

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

WHEN an Austrian archduke was killed one June day in Sarajevo, Ma Thomas just glanced at the headlines in the Great Forks Gazette. She was busy sewing name tags on Johnny's socks. Johnny was off to college in a few weeks. Let the archdukes fall where they may.

Germany insisted she could not pay reparations. This failed to interest the Great Forks Women's Club. What had reparations to do with the price of pigs?

A Long Island bootlegger was killed by hijackers. A Chicago gang lined up seven men and massacred them one St. Valentine's Day. A Kansas City bank was robbed and a traffic policeman killed just as the chaplain was opening a Republican National Convention with prayers. Pa Thomas read these items aloud in the evenings while Ma rocked and patched. They were exciting but about as real and menacing as the Big Bad Wolf.

Johnny rests in a far-off poppled field. The Great Forks Women's Club knows now that the end of reparations and the ruinous drop in the price of pigs are somehow related.

But it took an epidemic of kidnaping to startle Ma Thomas and her neighbors into realizing that crime, too, claws their tidy clapboard homes.

Kidnapings for \$100,000 and \$50,000 are not likely to happen in Great Forks. But when a member of a Senate Committee investigating rackets warned the country that there may be a turn to the \$100 and \$50 kidnaping, why, that hung a Damocles' sword over the Thomas grandchildren and all of Great Forks.

Nor is kidnaping the only crime that reaches into the home, Ma Thomas discovered. All crime touches her via her tax bill. Crime costs this nation thirteen billion dollars every year. Think that over.

What else did she find out? In the United States one person is murdered every forty-

five minutes. Our homicide rate is the highest in the civilized world.

Our prison population numbers over 180,000. Some 400,000 people are regularly engaged in illegal pursuits.

Neither Cousin Ed Thomas nor the scantily filled cash register in his corner grocery is safe.

Is the fight on crime a woman's job? Well, Ma Thomas reviews these facts, twists up her sleeves, and reaches for the rolling pin.

She's not alone. Right across the country women are mobilizing.

Women on the warpath! The kidnaper and the murderer, the racketeer and thief may well beware.

There is no spontaneous uprising, to be sure. Still, in St. Paul and San Diego, in Chicago and New York, in other communities large and small—women are breaking the way. National groups have charted operations. The General Federation of Women's Clubs, which reaches out into every crossroads, is moving.

St. Paul is a city with radical theorists and number-one rating in crime. Surely St. Paul women ought to attack the very foundations of crime—and they do.

First, some few of the more progressive women attempted to organize against the underworld. But the prominent citizens whose names were essential were afraid.

Tell us, the women asked their husbands, how St. Paul got this apparently well merited reputation as "the nation's crime capital"—then we'll see what we can do about it.

This, briefly, is what their menfolk told them: The late Boss Dick O'Connor and his police chief brother John J. had a wonderful crime-prevention system for their domain. They gave shelter and protection to all criminal comers provided they did not "work" the city. Then they pointed with pride to St. Paul's low crime record. These ingenious brothers are dead now, but their deeds linger on.

St. Paul women did not need a blueprint to
(Continued on page 17)



TO BANISH
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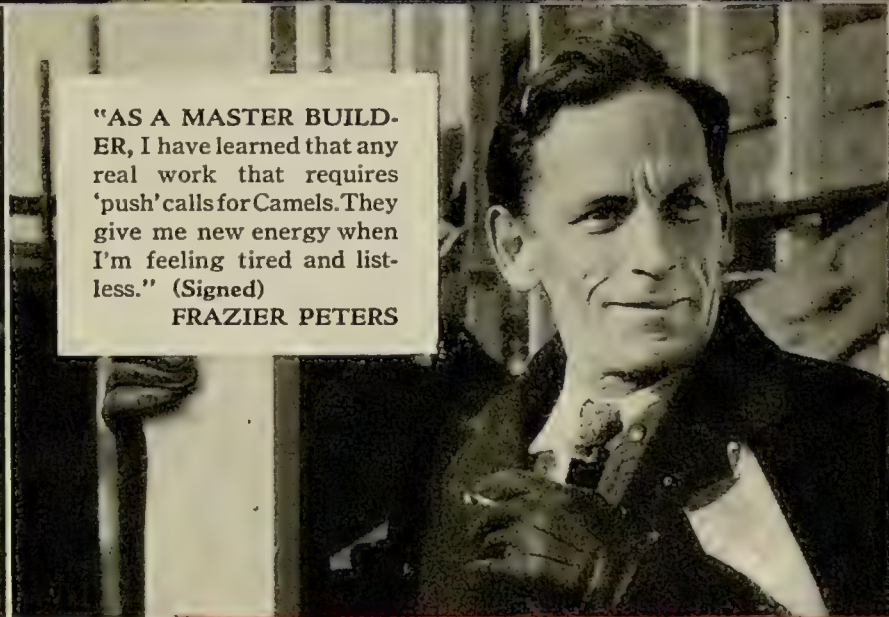


SPEAKING OF THE EXCITING SPORT with which his name has so long been associated, Ray Stevens says: "When the last heat has been run, it's mighty comforting to light up a Camel. That 'let-down' feeling fades away. I enjoy the pleasure of smoking to the full, knowing that Camels *never* bother my nerves!" (Signed) RAYMOND F. STEVENS, North American Bob-Sled Champion

"I'M A CAMEL SMOKER. Camels restore my 'pep' when I've used up my energy. They taste so good, too. There's nothing like a Camel!" (Signed) JACK SHEA, Olympic Champion Speed Skater



"AS A MASTER BUILD-ER, I have learned that any real work that requires 'push' calls for Camels. They give me new energy when I'm feeling tired and list-less." (Signed) FRAZIER PETERS



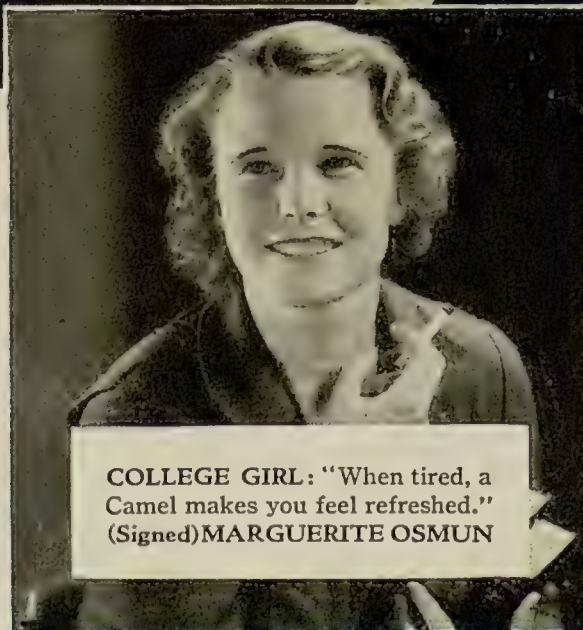
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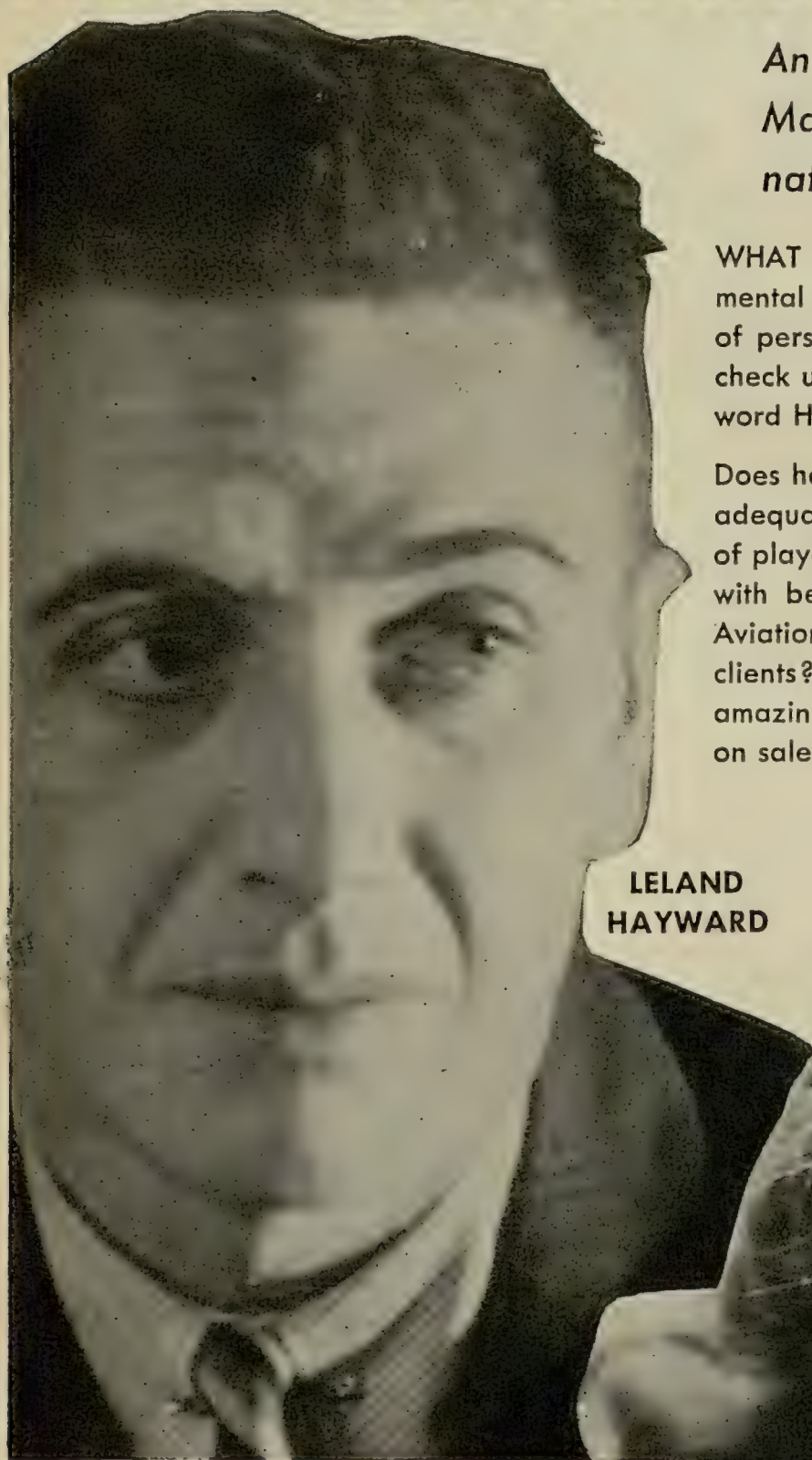
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THIS MAN WILL NEVER BE MR. KATHARINE HEPBURN



LELAND
HAYWARD

An Exclusive Photoplay Word-Portrait of the Man to Whom, Gossip Will Insist, the fascinating Miss Hepburn May Even Now Be Married

WHAT manner of man is this who might espouse vivacious, temperamental la Hepburn and not become submerged by the kaleidoscope of personality that is Katharine? Photoplay sent Bogart Rogers to check up for you on this chap whose cable code address is the single word HAYWIRE. The results are in the new March issue.

Does he make more money than Hepburn? Photoplay gives you an adequate idea. What is his business? Just wait till you read the roster of players and authors on his lists. Who did he play around Europe with before establishing his business? Photoplay names the man. Aviation? Offices? Gold mines? Cross country flights? Influential clients? You'll find these and plenty more angles of Leland Hayward's amazing career delightfully spotlighted in March Photoplay—now on sale everywhere.

★ ★ ALSO ★ ★
IN MARCH PHOTOPLAY

CLOSE-UPS AND LONG-SHOTS ♦ ON THE "VANESSA" SET ♦ DON'T LOVE ME! ♦ A LOOK INTO THE FUTURE ♦ THIS DOG EARNS \$50 A WEEK ♦ AND THIS ONE \$150 A WEEK ♦ JUST A BUNCH OF BABIES ♦ IRVIN COBB PRESENTS ANOTHER WILL ROGERS ♦ DAVID COPPERFIELD ♦ SALLY EILERS AND HER BABY ♦ TWO PERSONALITIES IN ONE ♦ CAL YORK ABOUT TOWN ♦ HOLLYWOOD, MY HOLLYWOOD ♦ LEAVES OF ABSENCE ♦ WOMAN ABOUT TOWN ♦ SYLVIA'S IDEALS FOR LOVELY BACK, HANDS AND ARMS ♦ HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY SHOP ♦ HOLLYWOOD MENUS ♦ THE ANSWER MAN ♦ ADDRESSES OF THE STARS ♦ SCREEN MEMORIES ♦ FAN CLUB CORNER ♦ CASTS OF THE CURRENT PHOTOPLAYS ♦ BRIEF REVIEWS ♦ THE SHADOW STAGE. Here is another great issue of a great magazine. Get your copy today and avoid disappointment.



PHOTOPLAY

MARCH . . . At all Newsstands . . . 25c

(Continued from page fourteen) see that if a mayor and a police chief could make their city a sanctuary for the underworld, a different mayor and police chief could reverse the situation. And election day was coming. One candidate, Mark H. Gehan, a lawyer of standing, promised to improve conditions.

Now formerly women in St. Paul may have been even less politically minded than women elsewhere. But not this year! They trudged the city streets. They held forth at shops. From door to door they carried on a personal campaign. The result? The largest vote ever recorded in St. Paul was polled. Mark Gehan was elected, though by the skinny margin of 524 votes.

The ranking councilman elected on his ticket, H. E. Warren, by precedent Commissioner of Public Safety, the key post including police direction and crime battle, visited Mayor LaGuardia of New York and Mr. Keenan in Washington for advice. Also, the Ramsey County League of Women Voters (the St. Paul group) sent two investigators to Milwaukee to study the structure of that city's almost model police department.

Now, as most of us know, the League of Women Voters everywhere is the highbrow of the women's clubs. It corrals the most elusive and intricate civic and economic facts and presents them in all their facets to its members, but always it preserves an Olympian detachment from the woes of the world. However, the Ramsey County League was inspired to study police departments.

Its two representatives found Milwaukee a city endeavoring to make policing a profession, with a chief appointed for life, removable only for proven failure. They saw such results as these: In Chicago a burglar-insurance policy on a home or two-family flat costs \$34.38 per \$1,000 valuation; in Milwaukee it costs \$15.13. In Chicago insurance on an automobile costs \$9.18 per \$100; in Milwaukee it is sixty-five cents!

They came back to St. Paul with these recommendations: Long tenure of office for the Chief of Police. Introduction of the merit system into the Police Department. Adequate training for policemen; training schools and higher standards of entrance into the department. And more pay—"Adequate pay for better service." They are going to teach their sister members the structure of an ideal police department this year.

In San Diego a group of the spiritual descendants of California's first vigilantes have undertaken to wipe the smudges of crime from their gleaming city.

Under the valiant direction of snowy-haired Mrs. A. L. Simpson and a bundle of energy named Mrs. Kersey R. Battin, they have formed a woman's secret Committee of Six Hundred, which now actually includes over 1,400. Their names are just numbers. There are no meetings, no roll calls, no dues. The Committee of Six Hundred has as its nucleus a board of six experienced clubwomen, one from each of the city's aldermanic districts.

SAN DIEGO is a border and seaport town. In addition to the ordinary run of crime, its underworld specializes in smuggling, especially, according to Mrs. Simpson, of Chinese immigrants. The secret Six Hundred's object is to accumulate information and then turn it over to the proper authorities. It doesn't have to go snooping for this data, Mrs. Simpson assured me; it just comes in. She showed me files and files of letters. Here is a sample (not from San Diego):

Memo on Tony —, head of United Undertakers Association, smugglers, using funeral paraphernalia for business. Travels with bodyguard of very low type. Lives with Dr. Max —, physician, who will remove bullets and care for wounded members of faction. Now hiding Izzy the Torch, wanted in Los Angeles for murder.

The facts, it proved, were pretty accurate.

Where this letter and others like it came from, Mrs. Simpson doesn't know. She's shadowed constantly, she admits; has been offered some bribes and more threats; but no crusader of the Lord ever marched onward more bright-eyed, less daunted.

All this has produced results. It has actually apprehended some criminals, prevented some crime. But, more important, it has roused women all over the country into

wondering what *they* can do. Moreover, this group promotes a "creed" which covers crime prevention as a whole quite thoroughly. Here it is:

OUR CREED

Adopted by the San Diego Women's Civic Center, November 28, 1933

1. I will go to the polls and there elect reliable persons.
2. I will agitate without ceasing for the divorce from politics of all forces of law and order.
3. I will press the firearms bill through Congress, and having done so will take up regulation in the several states.
4. I will attempt to add, automatically, ten years to any sentence where the malefactor has been carrying a weapon when arrested.
5. I will agitate for a state police.
6. I will refuse to let the local community pass the responsibility to the state and the state to Washington.
7. I will watch the procedure in local courts and fight for quick action.
8. I will watch the press and motion pictures. If the pictures emphasize the romance or ease of crime I will instantly protest to the local management.
9. I will contact and encourage the local police and see that they are properly equipped.
10. I will if outside a city or town contact the local sheriff. He may need encouragement and equipment.
11. I will report any failure on the part of the police force and follow up this report.
12. I will serve on juries and be willing to take the witness stand against any law breaker.
13. I will work for universal fingerprinting and registration.

Address all information of crime to P. O. Box 154, Station A.
By Order Committee of Six Hundred

EQUALLY dramatic is some of the work done in Chicago by the Juvenile Protective Association, which, in company with many similar potent groups in the country, such as the New York Crime Prevention Bureau, reaches down into the sources of crime.

One member learned she could don a red wig and, sitting puffing through a wicked black cigarette holder in questionable resorts, snatch youngsters from the gate to the primrose path. Do dance-hall owners, saloon and café proprietors resent this? Far from it. They don't want trouble over minors. It isn't worth it. Indeed, a number of them clubbed together to buy her an automobile, that she might get around more easily. They even came to warn her when they thought she might find boys or girls breaking or about to break the law under the tutelage of older sinners.

Most of the work done by this association is not so theatrical. It is all practical and intelligent. Crime prevention among juveniles relates to securing better recreational and vocational facilities, better juvenile courts, more efficacious probation and detention service, etc. This sounds humdrum, but it ranks in importance with cleaning the political house in fundamental crime prevention. So much is being attempted, so much needs to be done, that we have not the space to go into it here.

Ma Thomas's ready interest was enlisted by many such agencies, once she took up crime prevention. The Parent-Teachers Association, the Y. W. C. A., the Girl Scouts were only a few of the bodies talking about it.

However, the Great Forks Women's Club, of which she is past president, has it as part of its threefold plan in its crime war. Its booklet of instructions points out that the average man in New York prisons is twenty-three years old; that ten years ago he was of malleable grammar-school age. It reiterates that where supervised recreation and boys' clubs exist, there has been a progressive decrease in delinquency. New York State's Commissioner of Correction Walter N. Thayer, Jr., is their authority for the fact that it costs fifteen dollars a year for each boy enrolled in a boys' club, and \$500 a year to maintain him in the state's prison.

The General Federation has mobilized for crime prevention on any front. At its last convention it appointed a committee of heads of four important committees to co-operate with the Department of Justice.

It went to bat with a powerful lobby to put pistols back into the firearms bill, passed last Congress, which originally provided that citizens who wish to own revolvers as well as machine guns and sawed-off shotguns be fingerprinted and photographed. Sportsmen's organizations gave our legislators cold feet about that! But the Federation fights on.

It is working diligently for interstate compacts, with proper Congressional sanction, between states, in essential details of criminal procedure.

These are only a few isolated examples of the council fires of women on the warpath against crime.

THE END

Follow Your Nose

READING TIME • 26 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

SEEING Gay Morton on the stage, you laughed at her. It was friendly laughter. Laughter pulling her over the footlights into your heart. That was as it should be. And had been from the days when Gay—born Gazella—turned her rompers backside foremost and her head as if it topped one of those bobbing Japanese dolls, and danced backward, to the delight of her playmates in the courtyard of a Brooklyn tenement.

Gay was a congenital comedienne. You saw the signs in the interrogative shrug of her shoulders, in the imbecile vacant look she could put on like a mask, in the way she pursed her lips or tousled her already rumpled hair as though the mere effort of thought were too much for her.

Leaving the theater, you were never quite sure what she looked like. You recalled only her magnetism. Recalled it with a nice warm feeling of camaraderie. Her grease-paint dilemmas made you forget your actual ones. You knew that through some heaven-sent genius you made no attempt to analyze, Gay was the most irresistibly funny woman in town.

It wasn't until you saw her off the stage that you realized Gay Morton was homely. True, she had red-brown eyes and a small mouth with a sly smile, a complexion that bespoke radiant health, hair like a chestnut mare's coat, and a diminutive figure.

But she had a terrible nose. A Mrs. Punchinello mold. It was the first feature you saw in her otherwise pucklike face. And, seeing it, you wondered vaguely how this conspicuous incongruity escaped notice back of the footlights.

It never escaped Gay, except when she was on the stage. Then she became so absorbed in the art of cheering her audience that self-consciousness vanished. But on the street, in restaurants, at parties she was as pitifully aware of her nose as is a small boy of his hands and feet. It seemed to precede her into a room, to herald her coming. Often in a crowd, in the midst of some quip or shaft of wit, she would look down and the fascinated gaze of one eye would fasten on its tip until she knew she was going cross-eyed. The group around her would howl, thinking the stunt part of her comedy act.

At the start of her career, playing tank-town three-a-

day vaudeville houses, this drawback proved an asset. Audiences ragged her; she came back with a quick retort, thereby establishing the give-and-take which within a short time made her success. From vaudeville to musical comedy—she couldn't sing a note, but her antics required no high Cs—and at twenty-five her name alone was a box-office guaranty. But Gay never became reconciled to her nose. She loved beauty with a hunger that shamed her.

Not to a soul would she have admitted her inferiority complex. What a joke for the wisecrackers, the Broadway smart alecks! As it was, they accepted her as she was. She made it a point to have the best-looking women at her parties and to carry on her grotesqueries offstage. She was enormously popular. Women liked her because she was not a beauty; men in spite of the fact.

No one, as far as Gay knew, had ever been in love with her.

"Swell guy," men would say. Or, "There's a woman who's got the disposition of a man." (Whatever that might mean.) Or, "Best company in town. Laughed my fool head off."

They all liked Gay Morton but they fell for other women with less sense of comedy and more sex appeal. Gay didn't mind. That is, not until she met Dave McIntyre. He was not of the theater, and the day he appeared at one of her cocktail parties she placed him automatically in the category of outsiders who get a thrill crashing the precincts of the theater world. Before long she saw that she was altogether wrong. True, he came with a pretty actress. But as soon as the latter was parked with a dry Martini and a young man not quite so dry, Dave McIntyre made his way back to his hostess. There he stood watching her with the rapt attention of a man surveying a restive race horse.

GAY noticed his expression and wondered about it. She noticed as well his good looks, the square-chinned, snap-eyed good looks of an invincible Irishman. He was dark, almost Latin dark, with black hair and tan skin. Yet the mark of Erin was unmistakable—in his blue eyes when he smiled the tad smile of a boy, in his pugnacious chin, in the reckless generosity of his mouth. It was quite impossible not to notice his good looks. They were less of feature than of person.

"Can't we steer over behind the piano and get acquainted?" he suggested when they had a minute alone.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY T. D. SKIDMORE



Gay Had Everything, but Beauty Made Her Afraid—A Poignant Story of Foot-light Romance and a Lover All but Lost

by RITA WEIMAN

Without waiting for an answer he piloted Gay to the bench screened by the baby grand.

"Thanks," she said, leaning back on the keyboard. "Whisper to that Filipino boy in the white coat to bring me some orange juice, will you?"

"Bronx?"

"No—virgin. Pure and cold."

She closed her eyes, propped small feet against the wall. They ached and she was tired. She wondered why she crowded Sunday afternoons with company. This jam would keep up until nine o'clock at least. Was it because she hated being alone, because despite her popularity she was afraid of loneliness? She never took time to think much about it. She knew only that the desire to keep going was like the giant motor power of a whirling machine.

"Know why I wanted to meet you?" asked Dave, handing her the long cold glass.

She made room on the bench beside her.

"Break the news gently," she warned. "You have the book of a musical that's bound to be a knockout and there's a part made to order for me."

"Hundred per cent wide of the mark. I'm the one man this side of Hoboken who loves the theater and never tried to write a play."

"Well, then, you had a mental bet with yourself that I'm as big a sap off stage as on. The answer is, you win."

"Wrong on two counts. It's this way—except for you, I'd be at the bottom of the East River."

"But I don't swim," began Gay facetiously. The crackle died from her voice. Something in his wouldn't let her play her usual kidding game. "How," she asked softly, looking up at him, "how did I pull you out?"

"Made me laugh when there wasn't any laugh left in me. A night in October, 1931. I had a dollar in my jeans—my last. I'd decided to present my estate to the first beggar and then keep on walking until the river finished me. Well, I started crosstown from Broadway and happened past the theater where you were playing. No, not happened. Nobody can tell me such miracles just happen. In one of those big frames on the sidewalk was your picture. I stood looking at it a minute. Something in the pathetic fool expression

She did her stuff with the consummate skill of the trouper she was. Still they didn't take her to their hearts.



T.D. SKIDMORE

pulled me inside. I bought an admission. When I came out, you'd handed me back my sense of humor. A man can't top a laugh with suicide."

"Why wait three years to tell me?"

"I've been in South America on an engineering job. A chance to go there in the crew of a freighter came just a few days after I saw you."

"Going back soon?" she queried, for some reason acutely disturbed at the prospect.

"Not for six months at least. May not go back at all. Depends on you."

"What do you mean—on me?"

"You gave me the will to live. My life belongs to you."

Gay eyed him slyly. Was he kidding her?

"Can't accept," she came back. "My own is about all I can handle."

"Strikes you as funny, the idea that I want to devote myself to your happiness the rest of my natural life? Strikes you as sentiment that went out with hoop skirts?"

His eyes held blue fire. He was Irish mad.

"You're not by any chance," she hazarded—"not by any possible chance—trying to say you're in love with me?"

"Exactly what I am saying," Dave told her, "without any ifs, ands, or buts. I've been in love with you ever since that night. What's so humorous about it?"

Still she watched for a twinkle in his eye. She was schooled to Broadway's clowning with a straight face. She asked:

"Only because I made you laugh?"

"No, not only that. I got something from you. Wistfulness, shyness, some pull at the heart held me. Don't know precisely what. You'll think me an ass for saying this. There you were, successful, popular, and I hadn't a friend in the world—"

"But you felt I was as lonely as you?" Gay prodded as he paused.

"All I know is, I started to go backstage after the show to talk to you. Then I concluded I hadn't anything to say just then. I'd better wait—and if ever I amounted to anything—"

Gay suddenly blew her nose.

"Pardon," she whispered. "I'm a sentimental sap. In a minute I'm going to cry."

"On my shoulder, please," said Dave.

"They'd think I was staging an act. They always think I'm staging an act. Some day I'll surprise 'em and do it."

The pretty girl Dave had escorted had transferred interest to the young man who shared her appreciation of dry Martinis. Dave was left free to wait until the crowd cleared.

That was the start. It was the start of a romance that made Broadway gasp. Gay Morton and the handsome mining engineer whose success in South America gossip already enlarged beyond his most ambitious dreams. Gay Morton whose province in life was to incite laughter with the same gusto that a radical incites unrest. Gay, whom every man loved for her comedy and no man loved for herself, suddenly swained by a man who might have been Don Juan, yet had eyes for no other woman. It was incredible.

GAY herself thought so. She clung to the love whose wings she believed might at any moment soar beyond her reach. Often in public places when she saw pretty women stare at Dave, she wondered how he could help comparing her looks to theirs.

Once, passing a bird store on Sixth Avenue, she saw a gay-plumed parrot on a perch in the window.

"I ought to take that bird home," she said.

"Want him?" asked Dave.

"Not especially. But a girl should do her best by a long-lost twin."

When she got home from the theater that night she found installed in a bright blue cage a golden canary. The card attached read:

"I take it this was the bird you meant. Like you, he brings song to the jaded heart."

Standing beside the cage listening to the little fellow's

gold-throated welcome, she found her own throat tight with tears. Silly, of course, to feel this way. Life laying a treasure chest at her feet and she fearing to take it! Why this crooked arm before her face as if afraid of a sudden blow?

Gay was terribly in love.

"Think he'll marry her?" she overheard once through the open door of the dressing room adjoining hers. And the reply in a highly amused voice, indifferent to whether she listened or not:

"Don't make me laugh. If she does finally lasso him, all he needs is an eyeful of that beak on the pillow and he'll yell for help."

Even when Dave begged her to marry him, she simply couldn't bring herself to name the day.

"What's it all about?" he urged. "Don't you want me?"

They were standing at her living-room window, high above Fifty-ninth Street. Her eyes glanced from the clean line of his profile against gray walls to the miniature park far below, the myriad glow of color drenched in afternoon sunlight.

"Don't you want me?" Dave repeated as Gay's eyes fastened on the magic harmony of tint and light.

"Want you!" she answered with a laugh that choked.

"I want you so, it hurts."

"Then why, in Heaven's name—"

"Because—"

THE explanation rushed to her lips, then halted as abruptly as water against a dam. How could she discuss her absurd nose with him?

"Well?" Dave caught her by the shoulders. "Out with it! Are you scared I'll pull some mid-Victorian stuff about taking my lovely bride away from the theater?"

"No," Gay whispered. "I'm scared your bride won't look so lovely to you once she is your bride."

Dave frowned in a puzzled way.

"What are you driving at?"

"My comedy having saved you from suicide—it's all so darned romantic. But you're bound, once we're married, to see me the way I am without any of the trimmings."

"Well, what then? You stand inspection. If that's all that's bothering you, you're just about the sweetest thing on earth."

"Suppose," suggested Gay, "suppose you'd seen me for the first time in the ordinary way, say at one of my cocktail parties. Would you still think me the sweetest thing on earth?"

Dave's answer was silent and eloquent and kept her for the moment without power of speech.

"That's no answer," protested Gay, when he released her.

"Woman all over! How should I know how I'd feel if we were two other fellows? What do we care?"

"I care."

"What difference—"

"Because, if you must know, no he-man has ever been in love with me, and there must be dozens of she-women always in love with you."

Dave's head went back and his shoulders shook.

"Now we have it. Jealous of all the women in my past."

"Not in your past," snapped Gay. "In my future."

"That'll be up to you," Dave came back quickly.

"You honestly believe you won't get tired of loving me?"

For an instant the canary's voice alone accented the quiet. Its song circled round the two heads, one bent, one lifted, and only drifted away when Dave spoke.

"The day your show closes," he announced conclusively, "we take a journey to City Hall."

But the journey was elsewhere and he went alone. A month after their talk he was called to South America. A hurry call that took him by plane and left Gay breathless at the airport.

"You won't make me wait when I get back?"

"Not a minute."

"I'll be going into the wilds or I'd take you."

"Couldn't leave anyway. Don't stay too long."

"Not a second. (Continued on page twenty-two)"

HURRY IN AND PUT
OUT THAT LIGHT, SALLY.
IT'S LATE...

NOT TILL I'VE
CLEANED MY
FACE WITH **LUX**
TOILET SOAP.
NO COSMETIC
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Wise girls guard against Cosmetic Skin the screen stars' way...

YOU can use cosmetics all you wish if you remove them *thoroughly* the screen stars' way. It's when you leave bits of stale rouge and powder *choking the pores* that you risk Cosmetic Skin.

Do you see enlarged pores, dullness, tiny blemishes—warning signals of Cosmetic Skin? Better begin at once to use Lux Toilet Soap—the soap especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

To protect your skin—keep it lovely—follow this simple rule:

Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—**ALWAYS** before you go to bed at night—use gentle Lux Toilet Soap. Its **ACTIVE** lather will sink deep into

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**BARBARA
STANWYCK**

WARNER BROTHERS STAR



OF COURSE I USE
COSMETICS, BUT
I NEVER WORRY
ABOUT COSMETIC
SKIN. I USE
LUX TOILET SOAP
REGULARLY!

(Continued from page twenty) more than I have to. Don't forget me, darling."

Forget! She watched the plane lift until it looked no more than a tiny bird. He was in the clouds now; she, on earth. Would they ever again be on the same level?

On a humid day in September, Gay returned from her vacation to rehearse in a new revue. She drove straight from the Grand Central Station to the Follies Theater and hurried to the stage entrance.

Bert Keller, the dance director, was standing in the alley with some of the company principals. He turned and started toward Gay. Then he halted. He blinked.

"Am I cuckoo or am I cuckoo?"

"No," said Gay and grinned with satisfaction.

"Then what— Damn it—you're a beauty! Boys, take a squint at Greta Garbo."

They stared owlwise. They saw a young woman in the latest Rue de la Paix confection, a clinging rust-red crepe with gossamer beige net cuffs and a frill like foam from white throat to slim waist. They saw red-brown eyes a-sparkle under a tawny felt hat dipped provocatively over one eyebrow. But conspicuous above everything because of the very fact that it was inconspicuous, they saw a perfect nose. It might have been the nose of the lady on the silver dollar, so Grecian were the proportions. It gave Gay Morton a new face, and in the midst of this group of staring men she was completely aware of the spark it brought to their viewpoint.

She continued to be aware as she encountered the amazement of the women, as she crossed the stage and met the searching gaze of Morrie Conrick who supplied the comedy she handled with the deftness of a juggler. His round eyes rested on her in stupefaction, then he whispered hoarsely:

"My God—is it?"

"The same, and how do you do?" nodded Gay, getting the most out of this priceless moment.

"I thought maybe I was seeing things."

Unquestionably this was Gay's day of compensation. That dull ever-present sense of inferiority, close as her shadow for so many years, was erased as effectually as a chalk caricature wiped off a slate. The thing longed for! Beauty!! Hers!!!

It was even possible in the weeks that followed to forget the session with a renowned plastic surgeon who had achieved neither fame nor fortune until he specialized in noses. So accustomed did Gay become to the mirror's gratifying reflection that she gave over to the hypnotic suggestion that the nose she now wore had grown on her.

Other details were adjusted accordingly. She did over her apartment. Chinese reds, peacock blues, modern furniture. She did over her hair—glistening gold to match the gold of her living-room walls.

ALL her suppressed desires at last expressed, she found suitable acknowledgment in the attentions of men who had paid tribute merely to her good-fellowship. They liked to exhibit her at hotel bars, at roof gardens. They called for her after rehearsal and took her to dine.

A week before the show opened for the road tryout, she had a radio cable from Dave that he was on his way. He arrived late in the afternoon of a mean day thick with fog. Gay sent word that she could not meet him at the airport but would expect him at her apartment around seven.

All the way uptown from the theater she pictured his wonderment, the glow of his eyes. With his impatient ring of the bell she held back, waiting for her maid to open the door. Then in a tea gown that duplicated the

flamingo of her lips, she sailed into the living room.

Dave was standing at the mantel, gazing round with the look of a man who has stumbled into the wrong place. From the large circular mirrors reflecting a labyrinthian maze of squat furniture, to the red-and-gold smoking stands and iridescent lamps, his glance curvetted like a runaway's. When he saw Gay in the doorway his expression did not alter.

"I beg your pardon," he said and picked up his hat.

"We're not two other fellows," said Gay and went close to him.

He put down the hat but still his expression was blank as a wall.

"Haven't you forgotten something?" asked Gay.

Dave bent and kissed her, the embarrassed embrace of a man who kisses a stranger. Her flamingo lips left their mark just below his, a definite sign of his lack of ardor.

"Well, I must say," protested Gay, "that wasn't exactly savage delight."

DAVE laughed the self-conscious laugh of a boy.

"I feel I'm taking liberties with a lady I don't know." Then, savagely enough, "What in hell have you done to yourself, Gay?"

Gay flounced away.

"Well, I like that! I make myself beautiful for you and all I get is a what-in-hell!"

"You've always been beautiful to me. I didn't ask for improvements, did I?"

"But I did. I was sick of being twin to a poll parrot. Don't you like

the way I look?" she challenged.

"Yes." He hesitated. "But you look an awful lot like a lot of other women."

"For which maybe I don't get down on my knees and say, 'Thank you, God.'"

"Seems to me God didn't have much to do with the job."

He was teasing now, but her sense of humor failed to rise to the occasion.

"Well, it's done. If you don't like results, that's that."

"Oh, come, girl! You hand me a shock and expect me to take it as a natural. Why, look here, I have to get acquainted with you all over again."

"If it's that much effort," Gay hurled back, "don't trouble."

"Wait a minute." Dave strode to where she stood furiously ready to make her exit. "You're a square-shooting little guy. Try to get my angle. I come here thinking of a nice restful haven, and I'm ushered into what looks like a high-class bar. I travel thousands of miles with my heart full of one woman, and I find another. For the love of Pete, give me time to get used to things!"

Gay wiped her perfect nose with a trailing length of flame-colored chiffon. Her eyes held unshed tears.

"You spoil everything," she said. "For all you care, I might have stayed a sight."

"I never looked at your nose," Dave protested. "Now I can't look at anything else."

Absurd as it was, that nose stood between them, monstrous in proportions. Throughout dinner she caught Dave studying her with a critical squint that made her want to pick up a plate and fling it across the table. Never before had Dave irritated her. Never had they found it necessary to make conversation. She asked about his South American trip. He inquired how the show looked. It was all as impersonal as though they had just met. They dined at Sardi's and friends stopped at their table. Where in the past they had wanted to be alone, tonight interruptions were a relief. When Dave



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RITA WEIMAN

is a Philadelphian by birth and education but has become a seasoned New Yorker. Her first book appeared in 1917, while her latest novel, *What Manner of Love*, will be published on February 27. She is the author of several successful novels, plays, and stories, and is well known to Liberty readers.

left her at the theater for a night rehearsal, she told him not to come back—he must be tired and she would be working until 1 A. M.

By the end of a week the gap between them was a chasm. Having dealt her vanity a terrific blow, Dave soon discovered that beauty was more than skin deep. Something had happened to Gay's charm—at least for him. Her sense of humor, bubbling as a fountain, was capped and shut off. Her resentment made her look for trouble. Her easy naturalness was stifled under self-appreciation. He tried to revive their old comradeship as one tries to find tender sentiments in a yellowed letter whose writing has become illegible.

"Say," he said at last, baffled and desperate, "sometimes I think we *must* be two other fellows. What's happened to us, Gay?"

"You'll have to answer that."

"All right, I will." Storm clouds gathered between his heavy brows. "I'll give you the truth even though it hurts. When I went away, you were a human being. Now you're so stuck on yourself, you're a stuffed shirt."

Gay stood with elbows on the low modern mantel. As Dave plowed up and down the living room she could see him reflected in the many mirrors until he seemed a small army ready for attack. She could also see herself unruffled, aloof. Covering heartache, her outward calm pleased her. It gave her a consoling sense of superiority.

"Go right ahead." Her lips parted in a bitter smile. "Don't mind me."

BUT he needed no permission. "All the qualities that made you adorable—that made you *you*—are swamped in this damned conceit. Your personality is gone. Your sweetness—"

The canary he had sent her raised a voice of turbulent song. Gay carried the cage into the bedroom.

"Well," she said, closing the door with a determined bang, "have you finished insulting me?"

"Gay," he pleaded, stopping before her, "what's it all about? It's all so darned crazy."

"Is it?"

"You've made yourself fit your nose the same way you did this place."

"If I don't happen to suit your requirements, sorry. Nothing to be done."

"All I ask is the girl I love. I want the girl you were."

"She's finished," announced Gay and her voice caught. "So, I guess," she added in a lower tone, "are we."

"No," Dave protested. "No—she's the real you. Can't down her. She'll stage a comeback."

"You think so?" Gay regained control and her laugh was high and cool. "Not if I know it! She's apologized for herself for the last time." She held out fingertips. "Good-by, Dave—and thanks for your charity to an ugly duckling."

Dave turned at the door.

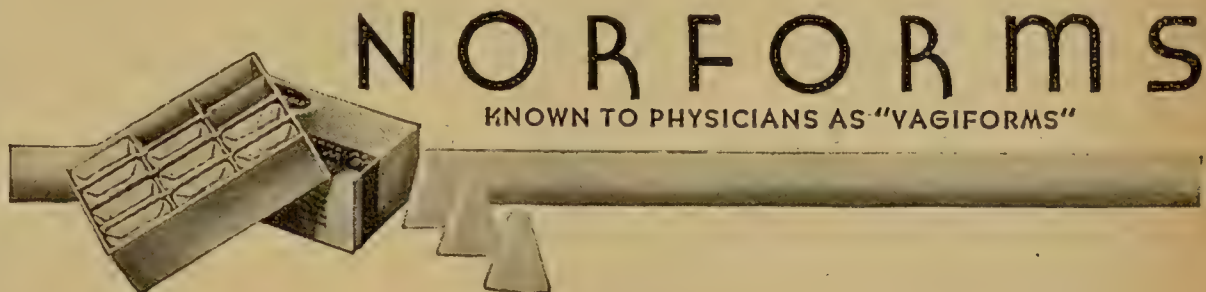


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Dave was standing at the mantel, gazing round with the look of a man who has stumbled into the wrong place.

"They took the kink out of your nose," he fired at her, "and put it in your disposition."

Above a Philadelphia theater entrance a week later, lights proclaimed the first performance of the new musical revue:

COME HITHER

with

Eleanor Broadhurst

Raymond Dwight

Gay Morton

Charley Jessup

This glittering list of stars filled the house to capacity.

Long before the orchestra began tuning up, the crowd stood three rows deep.

Backstage there was the usual first-performance tension, the closed-throat excitement, the last-minute chaos of uncertainty about everything.

Before the white-lighted mirror in her dressing room Gay made up with a sort of feverish frenzy, thankful for a week so packed with hard labor that she was kept from facing the fact that she and Dave were through, quits. The brittle vessel of romance had shattered.

The callboy banged on her door. She heard the chorus swing on to the stage. She heard the crashing burst of applause. She pushed back her chair. Well, at least

there was this. There would always, thank Heaven, be this. This, her life! What else counted?

She went to the wings and waited for her cue. She tousled her shining hair. She slumped her shoulders. She put on her expression of bland idiocy. She slouched on to the stage.

The customary welcome greeted her. She gave her usual blank stare over the footlights, turned to Charley Jessup, the comedian, and they began their hilarious fooling.

A faint stir, a shuffling of programs: the audience making sure that the perfect Grecian profile belonged to their favorite. They were asking themselves and each other if the management had made a last-minute substitution. Was this Gay Morton or an understudy? After a few minutes they knew. They knew Gay's voice, her mannerisms. Yet puzzlement did not leave them. Something had gone wrong.

She came off after the first scene, wide-eyed and nervous.

"They didn't laugh! What's the matter? They didn't laugh!"

"Calm down," soothed the stage manager, as amazed as she was. "They'll laugh all right. You always panic 'em."

Gay went through her silly tuneless songs; she did her stuff with the consummate skill of the troupier she was.

Still they didn't take her to their hearts.

Laughter came now and then, but not by any means the spontaneous outburst she always brought forth.

Trickles of laughter instead of a deluge.

When the curtain fell on Act One, she stumbled offstage blinded with tears. She caught Morrie Conrick's sleeve in a grip that wrenched the cloth.

"WHAT'S the matter? They wouldn't laugh! They wouldn't laugh. It's a funeral."

Morrie's round eyes had the dazed look of an hypnotic subject.

"Dunno," he murmured.

"Have I gone off in my stuff? Am I stale? My God, Morrie—tell me."

"Dunno," he repeated.

"But they don't like me." The tears streaked down her cheeks. "You can't fool me. I feel it. The house is as dead as a cemetery. Morrie—what shall I do?"

He shook his head. Wasn't his fault. The stuff he had written for her was as funny as ever.

Panic seized her.

Through the second act, the rest of the show went over with a wallop.

Only *she* was a frost!

At the final curtain she was hysterical. To stare out over the footlights into those unresponsive faces. To sense that wet blanket of chill. It was like being buried alive. She felt suffocated.

She wanted to scream. Some one in the crowd backstage clapped a hand over her mouth, propelled her into her dressing room, and shut the door.

She collapsed on the chair before the dressing table, bowed her head, and sobbed until the grease paint and mascara made a crazy quilt of her complexion.

"Can't you see what's wrong? They're used to you the other way."

Gay wheeled round and saw Dave backed against the closed door, waiting for the storm to subside.

"How did you get here?" she whispered.

"You're miles away from 'em," he proceeded—"miles. They don't recognize you as their sweetie."

"Finished. Done for," she told him pitifully. "A comedienne who can't get a laugh."

"Why should they laugh? You're not the funny girl they know. You're just another face out of a hairdresser's window. You don't squint down your nose, because there's nothing left to squint down. You don't put over that nice homey feeling of being one of 'em. You clown while you look like a leading lady. It won't jell. You look one part and play another. They feel cheated."

"Like you?" Gay asked in an unsteady voice.

"Like me," answered Dave. "Except with me you play too well the part you look."

GAY sat for a time without speaking. Slowly she smeared on cold cream. Reflectively she wiped away the smudges. Then she got up and went to where Dave leaned against the door.

"Let me out," she said, and, as Dave started to follow, "No—wait, please."

In less than five minutes she was back.

She opened her fist, set a little lump of putty jauntily on the bridge of her nose. She began to mold it deftly in the old form.

Her eyes, still red-rimmed, snapped with sudden impish humor. Her mouth twisted in the familiar sly grin.

As a Punchinello curve replaced the perfect straight line, Puck returned to replace Venus. Carefully laying on grease paint to cover the jointure, Gay squinted down at the tip. Her head went to one side. She gave her old grotesque shrug.

Not until the transformation was complete did she turn to Dave. He had been watching her with the approval of a prospective owner surveying a rare work of art.

"That's the idea! Go on that way tomorrow night and you'll be the riot you always were. Give 'em the girl they want."

"But you, Dave. I can't give you the girl you want. I can't wear a putty hump for you."

Dave smiled his shrewd warm smile.

"Do you want to stage a comeback with me?"

"Do I!"

"Then follow your nose, baby, and be yourself."

THE END

FAMOUS CLOSE SHAVES

FRANK ENGLE, WAR CORRESPONDENT



NOW! A CLOSE SHAVE THAT'S COMFORTABLE

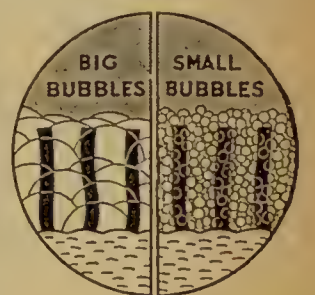
... with the small bubble lather of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream!

THERE are lots of close shaves you don't want to repeat—but once you try the Colgate small bubble kind, you'll want it every morning!

Colgate Rapid Shave Cream lather gets your face cleaner, keeps it stubble-free hours longer. Yet it's painless, because it does two things:

First, the soap in it floats away the oily coat that makes beards hard to cut. Then its tiny bubbles, as this drawing shows, get clear down to the beard-base, softening every whisker at the skin-line, where your razor works!

No air pockets as with ordinary big bubble lather. No half-wet whiskers. So no razor pull, no scrape, no after-irritation.



Note how big bubbles hold air against the beard. Small bubbles soak it clear to the base.

Try a Colgate small bubble shave tomorrow. A large tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream—100 shaves—costs 25¢; giant tube—200 shaves—only 40¢.

Look for the new big blue package



NO FOOD WITH MY MEALS

FANNIE HURST TELLS HER REDUCING DIET

**Here at Last, for All to Read, Is the
Secret of How This Eminent Novelist
Achieved, Against Odds, a Figure!**

READING TIME • 17 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

PART TWO—SUCCESS!

IN Liberty last week Miss Hurst told how it was that, after "varied and appallingly expensive attempts at reduction" over a period of years, she surrendered to "the caloric age" and resolved to succeed. Casting aside, except as subsidiaries, the dumbbells, the stationary bicycle in its sweat cabinet, the vibratory machine, and the like, she sets up for herself "a fundamental truth: *Food makes fat.*" Her metabolism was taken and proved to be normal; therefore food "in wrong selection, proportion, and combination" was indeed "the root of the evil." For a time, during the "long, lean siege" that followed, she confesses she overdid her doctor's dietary orders, and in consequence "the coverage began to diminish too rapidly to please him."

ABOUT the time that my slimming success began to be apparent to the appraising eyes of the sisterhood, my entrance into a room was the occasion for a gust of Oh's and Ah's, How-did-you-do-it? Why, I wouldn't have known you! My dear, you're marvelous! the heady wine of my success (on an empty stomach) began to induce giddiness.

Hollow-eyed and a bit necky, I began to indulge in the private procedure of posing before my mirror, pinning in my waistband and twisting about the slightly loose-fleshed neck for the Jean Harlow angle or the Hepburn line of jaw. The first faint knob pushing out through my neck was something on which to hang high hope.

It was during this period that, after having goaded her with food, I would remark maliciously to a friend:

"Look over there at that spectacle! It is enough to cause a scientist to faint. A stout woman eating a potato!"

Oh, I was the subject for inclusion in the rows of introspective ladies waiting in the outer rooms of smart Park Avenue psychoanalysts, I can tell you!

It enraged me to see my friends eat or, for that matter, drink, although a taste for alcohol or spirituous liquors had never made them part of my problem. It enraged me to see them eat—I could not bear not to see them overstuff! I now pitied obesity in others, and did all in my power to either induce or encourage it.

Smoldering rage began within me if my entrance into a group of friends failed to elicit paeans of surprised admiration. In the twelvemonth of fanatical defiance of my doctor's admonitions for temperance I became a narrow-looking bony individual with a disproportionately large head, wide uninhabited-looking shoulders, old-looking hands, and a cold kind of chic.

There was not a laugh in a carload of me.

I had been through a grim hungry cold and lonely fight, and always to that insistent tom-tom of rhythm, relentless as a drumbeat: What-of-it-what-of-it-what-of-it.

I had won my spurs and they stuck out all over me.

People with two chins, and plenty of laughter above and below them, said without rue that I had character. Friends, to my face at least, said I had "looks"—although toward the end even some of them began to admit that they had liked me better "before."

I had lost pounds and my sense of humor.

The miracle of it, cheating my doctor as I did, was that I had not lost my health. Perhaps the funniness of me came rushing over me just in time to avert that. Perhaps the spectacle on all sides of women almost deliberately throwing the incomparable asset of their health away upon the absurd altar of slimming, for no other reason than the desire to be slim, helped, reader, to snatch me from the jaws of a dieting lady novelist's more or less untimely death.

Not that I have come far enough along the line of mental

readjustment to relinquish my diet. Slimming is a battle that is never won. But at least I am on to myself. I can laugh it off. And the spectacle of me to myself in the mirror is really nothing to leave home about; nor, so far as I can see, has there been the impulse on any one's part to indulge in that drastic measure in my behalf. I have not observed that those nearest and dearest or that friends in general like me any the more or less. If anything, you may deduce, less.

Now this is not to convey that all diets for aesthetic ends are pernicious and that all slimming is vicious.

On the contrary, excess baggage of flesh is not only unwieldy and unbeautiful but it is more usually a health liability than an asset (see life-insurance risk charts).

As a matter of fact, undereating may generally be counted as a cardinal virtue. A wise and disturbing man it was who first passed out the golden advice to always leave the dinner table a little unsatisfied. Particularly since nature has seen fit to pester the human race with various appetites which are so far and away beyond requirements, are drink and food restraints to be regarded on the benign side.

Moderation is one of the nicer practices.

It is upon the widespread perils of the abuses of moderation in reduction diets that I would dwell.

My average daily allotment of food allowed by a careful dietitian might not have always been to my liking, but it was ample to accomplish the slimming desire and at the same time maintain and nourish. Here is an average day's menu—a menu which I advise no one to emulate without first consulting a physician. It is simple to understand in its component parts. Protein and minerals are emphasized; carbohydrates, fats minimized.

BREAKFAST

½ small grapefruit
2 eggs (boiled or poached)
1 tablespoon milk for coffee

LUNCH

1 portion lean meat, fish, or fowl (3 ounces)
5-per-cent vegetables (the wrong-side-of-the-railroad-track ones)

DINNER

Same as lunch

Six to eight glasses of water per day.
Do not take additional foods unless otherwise specified.

Not so bad, you observe! More than usually consume during an average day.

Perhaps more food, but not more nourishment. But the point is that on this prescribed diet, with certain highly conservative expeditions, after appreciable reduction had taken place, over into carbohydrates and fats, results would almost undoubtedly have been achieved. In time! But as the poundage begins shyly to retreat, the frantic psychology characteristic of the thousands of the slimming women, present company included, sets in.

Ours not to reason why. Ours but to diet and sometimes die.

Despite physician's admonitions to the contrary, fascinated by the retreat of a hitherto more or less immutable excess poundage, egged on by the appraising women, goaded by the diminishing story of the bathroom scales, the fascination for speed began to cause this eye to glitter.

More pounds per week. Faster. Quicker. Slimmer!

The daily menu, about which I not infrequently lied to my doctor, began to read something like this.

BREAKFAST

Black unsweetened coffee

½ small orange

11 A. M.

Black unsweetened coffee

LUNCH

1 head lettuce or

½ head cabbage slaw, mineral-oil dressing

3 P. M.

Black unsweetened coffee

DINNER

1 portion lean meat, fish, or fowl (3 ounces)

5-per-cent vegetables

Lean pulled days had arrived along about now; days when I went about with the strained face of a plucked



Maurice Goldberg photo

Miss Hurst. "How did you do it?" her friends demanded of her. "Tell us what you eat! Are you taking medicine?"

fowl, brittle-looking skin sagging for want of some place to go.

No conversation survived my entrance into a room. The men might struggle a bit to carry forward with a bit of technocracy, Muscle Shoals, or World Series, but the following two or three minutes carried a guaranty that one subject and one subject alone would predominate.

How did you do it? Tell me what you eat. Are you taking medicine? Cross your heart? Awfully dangerous, you know. Now tell me what you had for breakfast. Do you mix your starches and proteins? Awfully bad for you! Now isn't that curious, somebody told me you were living on some sort of a reduction tea made by an East Indian and had not touched solid food for two months. But, my dear, you mustn't let yourself get haggard. Not that you are!

Oh, no, not that I was.

Sometimes, dragging myself to bed, triumphant, faint, cold, tired, uncertain whether to laugh or cry, with not quite the energy to do either, I dared not glance at the white rattletrap my mirror would have revealed to me.

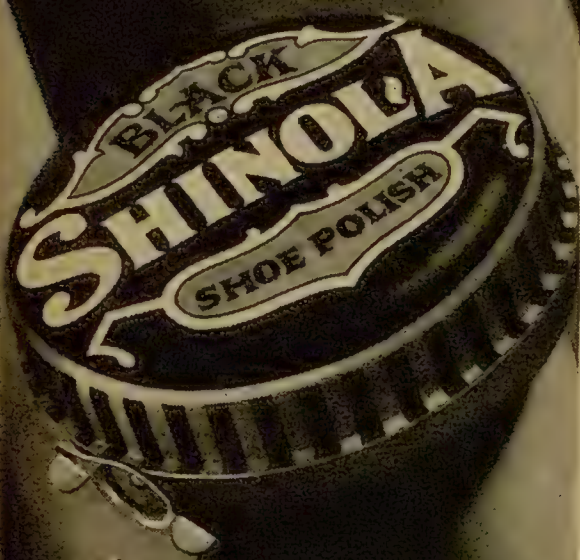
INSTEAD I crept to rest gladly, exhaustedly, and, to keep from laughing or crying or both, fell to contemplating the slight ridge my body made beneath the coverings, or trying to crowd back across my darkness not "fancies freed, transient and exploring," but fancies of a froth of café parfait foaming down the flank of a long slim goblet or of a slice of four-layer cream cake in which to sink teeth denied, in order to remove taste and memory of liver fried in mineral oil and lettuce with its cutting dash of lemon juice.

I must have been as easy to live with, during that period before I lost both appetite and desire for the foods that used to haunt me, as a lady in a padded cell.

Strangely, the vigor for work did not desert. It was an escape, to sit down at a desk and throw off the gnawing awareness of the human envelope. One can almost concoct the fantastic doctrine that the brain is a favorite

"Excess baggage of flesh is not only unwieldy but is more usually a health liability than an asset."

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child of the human body and, before any other part is fed, is given the cream (or in this case skimmed milk) of the intake.

However, just what mental processes might have resulted from that same period, corn-fed, must remain forever, to those who palpitatingly would know, in the limbo of the hypothetical.

Like almost everything else in moderation, slimming has its points. Its excellent points. Outside moderation, and 'tis of thee I sing, it takes on the proportion of menace to that half of the race which is entrusted with incubation and delivery of the species.

Biological years move slowly and science does not pretend to offer up prematurely compiled data to prove that slenderizing women are necessarily better or worse breeding machines.

Besides, my own paternal ninety-eight-pound grandmother, who produced six, two-hundred-pound sons, was remarked but scarcely remarkable for it.

On the other hand, it requires no barrage of data to logically assume and conclude that a race of undernourished highly nervous women with a low resistance to disease and an abhorrence of bust measurements is going to leave its mark upon tomorrow's child.

In Italy Il Duce openly commands that women be big, ripe, fecund—intimating, with no particular authority for it, that these processes go together. As a rule he assumes, and rightly, women who have many children stop being slender in the process. And so he extols the robust mother who concedes that her beauty lies not in her shape but in her role as mother.

I see no reason why it cannot lie in both, unless the beauty standards of the female of an era drop so low that the proportions of a fertile adult woman must hover around those of a fourteen-year-old boy. . . .

TO be sure, for the moment, in America at least, the movement away from the boyish figure seems to be on the up and up, although the Mae West atavism seems to be little more than a half-hearted fad and millions lie waiting for the chemist or alchemist who can present the human race with the miracle of a slimming serum.

Perhaps after that day comes we will be a happier and a healthier race and the laugh will be on nature, who for thousands of years had made us the butt of her old joke on the fats and the thins, plying some of us with her too too ample coverage, condemning others to an immutable destiny of skin and bones.

Of the two evils, the latter, by insurance companies at least, is reckoned the least hazardous.

For myself, alas, I cannot even claim that I feel better slim than I did not so slim. I felt vigorous then. I feel almost vigorous now. Overweight in excess is beyond controversy an undesirable and dangerous state. If the male more easily escapes its aesthetic

menace, he falls rigidly within its pathological perils. The female of the species, more's the pity, is its social, biological, and aesthetic victim.

But now that the laugh has come back to me, I want to reach out a deterring, an ancient-looking hand, to the hordes of slimming women as I observe them nibbling at celery stalks over lunch tables, swapping their diets across bridge tables, baring their backs to the rolling machine and their breasts to camphor rubs.

And even to those who are dieting for good and authentic reason of one sort or another. I want to reach out that same ancient-looking hand to impress upon them the danger of the short-cut food fad; of following any diet regime outside a physician's prescribed one; of succumbing to the perils of the pineapple-and-lamb-chop group of fantasies; of the terrible risks involved in accepting what is almost certain to be the he-says and she-says dietary word of their not always thoughtful dieting sister; of the falseness of current aesthetic values as they fluctuate to the season's fashion; of the absurdity of a woman weighing one hundred and nine pounds undernourishing herself on boiled green tissue paper.

WHETHER it is to his credit or due to just plain lack of self-discipline, the fact remains that, with his middle-aged susceptibility to embonpoint, the male has not gone to extremes in combating his foe. True, too often he self-indulgently tolerates its perilous and heavy folds about his heartbeat and, rather than suffer the weary battle of reduction, allows himself to take on the convexity of a barrel. The spas are crowded with him; he is not beautiful, and one doubts if he is as happy as he pretends to look. But at least he has not reduced the dietary habits of a nation to roughage, bulk, and greens. In fact, watching his women totter past him on their fanatical way to the altar of the emaciated false goddess of their passion, he is apt to look back rather wistfully upon the good old days when Pauline Hall was the hourglass beauty of his dreams.

Observe the shopkeeper catering to this psychological invalidism of his women customers. The gown he hangs in his show window is shrewdly pinned back at the waistline to one third its natural size, thereby capturing, with its suggestion of anemia, the eye of the woman who visualizes herself commensurate with it.

The measurements of the mannequins upon whom are draped the models of the couturiers, and by way of whom the measurement standards for women are devilishly established, are usually those of underdeveloped boys.

The woman of average proportion who enters such a shop in the hope of finding a ready-to-wear gown is apt to depart feeling herself Gargantuan in a land of Lilliputians.

What thousands of normal healthy women have been driven to starvation, illness, even death, in order to

more nearly conform to the adolescent standards established by the pale little mannequins who stand hours in workrooms while the standardizers and glorifiers of their puniness drape their poor little flat chests, wind around the knobs of their sparrowlike hips, and wrap their little concave stomachs in fabrics designed to accent emacia.

One wonders what place the boyish-breasted flapper of half a decade ago or the scarcely less spare female of today will ultimately have alongside the respective ideals of Ruth among the corn, Mme. de Staël, Signora Mona Lisa, Laura, Venus, Winged Victory, Lillian Russell.

More and more today's standards of American beauty are being set up and authorized by the bizarre little so-called civilization known as Hollywood, home of the eighteen-day diet, the orange juice, the skimmed milk and baked potato, the liquid bread, the thyrodic bath salt, the paraffin sweet, the holy rolling machine, the pugilistic massage and almost every reduction fad known to this tormented year of our Lord.

By way of Hollywood, the young man is thereby automatically trained to accept his female of the species slinky, low in vitality, and concave in curve. In fact, a plump debutante in the family is more of a problem than a mental delinquent.

AND meanwhile the slimmed, the irritable, the hungry woman takes on the proportion of one of our minor menaces. She does not add to the gayety of the nation or of the home; she is no healthier; she is prettier only according to the frail standards of a papier-mâché city on the west coast where the human envelope is the stock in trade. She is a success chiefly to herself and to her sister of similar standards.

Now I am personally too infected with this slimming phobia to hope for complete redemption. I may come back, but probably not all the way back. As a matter of fact, I would not come all the way back. My struggle is to find the moral courage to make the partial return. The slimming years have been so long. I have won my battle knowing that it is a battle that is never truly won and that the helmet and the spurs cannot be laid aside.

It remains practically impossible for me to sit down wholeheartedly to a meal among wholehearted folk. What has long since become the more or less rare spectacle of an American woman partaking of potato is still sufficient to send chills down this spine. By now, expert in that strange branch of lower mathematics, the counting of the calorie, I can compute on sight the heat and food value of a helping of filet of sole ($3 \times 2 \times \frac{1}{2}$) or of one slice of zwieback ($3 \frac{1}{4} \times 1 \frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$).

To violate by one calorie is to invite regrets out of all proportion to the delights of the transgression. One suck off the sugared sides of a candy sour-ball can cause one to scuttle to



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the scales in fear and trembling; or one spoonful off the sides of the pyramid of ice cream on your dinner partner's dessert plate, transform you into a distraught and regretful dinner partner.

But at least mine hungry eyes have a certain sharpened clarity which enables them to see the funniness and the menace of the spectacle of the slimming women.

We are funny. Realizing that, we might long since have learned to laugh it off—except, alas, laughter is supposed to be fattening!

It is not a simple matter to get a laugh out of a slimming woman. It is the easiest thing she does not do.

My laughs have come back slowly, mere spurts at first, as from a spring gone dry but about to yield again.

IT means that, even while with me mealtime still remains largely a process of omission and elimination, I am at least on to myself. Ladies, really, it is to laugh.

Today, four unrelenting years after the episode of the boiled tissue paper, I now enter a shop to have a vendeuse glide up to me with: "For yourself? Misses' department across the aisle."

Well, what of it?

This much of it! If a slimmer, a sadder, and perhaps a wiser me has succeeded in helping to convey to the slimmers of today and the potential slimmers of tomorrow some of the ridiculousness and some of the perils of the slimming age, then the public sacrifice of myself upon the altar of

mine own absurdities will not have been in vain.

Would I do it all over again?

"Well," I reply, as I continue to count my calories, "well—er—"

In conclusion, reader, as they used to say in the days when ladies munched chocolates in bed, I desire to make public the following acknowledgments:

To a husband who bore with me during a period when a snapping turtle shared roof with him.

To my doctor to whom I lied.

To my many friends upon whom, at my supposedly hospitable board, my greenly glittering eye rested in one hatred or another.

To a cook who learned to defile her art in order to brew me dishes unwanted and unsavory.

To the books written during this period which abound perhaps unduly in foods coveted by their author.

To hosts and hostesses who offered me their hospitality only that I might wave aside with supercilious celery stalk their good meat and wassail.

To my comfortably stout friends upon whom my disdainful eye rested not kindly.

To my slender friends upon whom my good-as-you-now gaze has assailingly glared.

To the human race for bearing with me.

To myself for finally realizing that I am funnier than any character I have ever succeeded in depicting in fiction.

THE END

GOOD BOOKS

By OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ ★ DANTE VIVO by Giovanni Papini. Translated from the Italian by Eleanor Hammond Broadus and Anna Benedetti. The Macmillan Company. Here is a truly extraordinary book. The author says it is not a life of Dante but a mental and spiritual portrait. It is, however, a life of Dante in the best sense. A thrilling and revealing story. Don't miss it.

★ ★ ★ THE BUDAPEST PARADE MURDERS by Van Wyck Mason. Crime Club, Inc.

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★ ★ ★ PERSONAL HISTORY by Vincent Sheean. Doubleday, Doran & Company.

The story of an exciting life in soldiering and journalism around the world—a full life, too, even though the author is only thirty-four. Perhaps you have read some of his excellent stories in Liberty.

★ ★ WOMAN IN LOVE by Kathleen Norris. Doubleday, Doran & Co.

With Tamara Todhunter from convent school through unhappy days with an irresponsible theatrical family, an early love, later theatrical success, and a happy marriage which is nearly ruined by the return of Mayne Mallory, whom she had loved years before.

★ ★ WHAT HAPPENS IN MY GARDEN by Louise Beebe Wilder. The Macmillan Company.

A fine addition to the garden lovers' library. Informally written and giving particular attention to the rock garden.

★ ★ SOLD OUT TO THE FUTURE by Roy Helton. Harper & Brothers.

An interesting protest of a man who says we are foolishly living for the future instead of for the present in our social, economic, and political life. A challenging book on an important subject.

★ ★ WHAT MANNER OF LOVE by Rita Weiman. Longmans, Green & Co.

A thoughtful book that holds the interest. A study of a Cinderella who finds her dreams turned to nightmares in the Broadway theater.

A New Deal for the Red Man

Will It Be Realized by Giving Him
Back His Old Ways of Living?

by **ROBERT GESSNER**

Author of *Massacre and Broken Arrow*; secretary of the
Indian Committee of the American Civil Liberties Union

READING TIME
4 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

LO! The poor Indian"—it looks like a New Deal for him, thanks to John Collier, now Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Today this slight-figured energetic crusader directs his vision and energy into a policy not only to give Indians all constitutional rights but to advance them into a social order that might well point the way out for all of us.

Although Coolidge granted the Indians their citizenship in 1924, they are American citizens in name only. The Constitution does not apply to them.

For instance, if an Indian tries to go into court against the government, the government picks the Indian's lawyer for him and controls the lawyer's actions.

If an Indian is jailed by the government, his appeal is not to a court but to the government itself.

When an Indian dies, the government decides if a son or daughter may inherit the parent's money or land.

No wonder John Collier wants to give the Indians a New Deal. They've had a Raw Deal long enough.

Before the white man came and plundered, the Indians were living in a civilization which allowed none to starve unless they all starved. Among the Plains Indians, for example, there was a Society of Scouts which went out every day to do the hunting. When they returned at nightfall, laden with game, they divided the meat, and no member of the tribe went hungry. The Indians were not individual property owners but shared the produce of nature.

The white man's conscience plagued him into some slight attempts at legality in the form of Indian treaties. Practically no tribe escaped this treaty-making, and in every case the result was tragic. A recital of broken treaties would take hours—and only in rare cases has Congress allowed a tribe to sue in the Court of Claims for violations of these government contracts.

Before 1851 exclusive jurisdiction over Indians lay with the War Department, which herded them off the prairies into corrals where the soldiers could keep an eye on them. Those jails were called reservations and still are. In 1851 the Indian Bureau was established. Its system was called by Abraham Lincoln "an accursed system."

To make the Indians imitation white men the Indian Bureau sought to make each Indian an individual property owner. This policy was formulated into the Allotment Act of 1887. Indian lands then amounted to 133,000,000 acres; today they total a bare 46,000,000. How so? Let us take the

typical case of the Oneidas, who in 1821 migrated from New York State to Wisconsin. In 1887 the Indian Bureau compelled 2,700 of them to take allotments. All but twenty-one were put on the tax roll. And that means the loss of the land, because the Indians are unwillingly, unknowingly taxed, and have no means of paying the taxes. Whites thus acquire the land for the taxes, which are practically nothing.

How about the inheritance of Indian land? That should keep the ownership intact. But not so under "an accursed system."

The plight of Indians who have never been allotted is frequently worse than that of the allotted. There are between eighty and ninety thousand of such landless Indians.

In 1921 the Indian Bureau accelerated the persecutions of Indian religions which had been going on for some time. The Indians were deeply religious. Their religion had a moral code of truth-telling, honest dealing, kindness to children and to the old, loyalty to the community, faithfulness in marriage, and cheerfulness in sorrowful times.

IN 1921 the Indian Bureau ordered its agents to prosecute any "so-called religious ceremony" as an Indian offense. In 1924 it ordered "all Indians" to abandon every religious ceremony within one year, or expect coercion. Nation-wide protest was aroused and the persecutions were ultimately tempered.

But not until last year did the Bureau come out with a definite stand on religious liberty for Indians. "No interference with Indian religious life or ceremonial expression will hereafter be tolerated," John Collier announced. This is one of his "radical" proposals to encourage the Indian to build progressively on his inheritance of economic co-operation and moral brotherhood.

How is this to be done? By a complete reversal of the previous policies. First, the land-allotment system must go. Commissioner Collier says in effect: "It is now economically necessary that you Indians heap all your allotments into a common holding, and farm and graze cattle and cut timber on a communal basis with a tribal corporation paying out dividends."

That the Indians may operate this communal system, his administration proposes self-government for Indian communities, with only such restrictions as are needed to assure the continuance of health, educational, and welfare services. This is the first time in Indian history that the Bureau specifically and unequivocally agrees to a diminution of its power.

Self-government for Indians—law and order to be maintained by the Indians themselves! It's a New Deal, if there ever was one.

In addition, state co-operation is planned. Will this New Deal for the Indian be allowed to come into reality? Congress will decide, and decide according to the pressure of the persons behind Congress.

If the people of the nation want to give the Indian a break, they will exert pressure. Whose pressure is going to win?

THE END



Wide World photo

John Collier, Indian
Affairs Commissioner.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



I'm learning tennis.
I wonder what Cara
is learning? What
is her idea, Bruce?

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

New Kind of Novel in Which You Must Judge the Heroine for Yourself

WE follow the ups and downs, the hopes and heartbreaks of Cynthia Carson through the letters she writes. These show that she is young, flame-thatched, a divorcee, and lives in Los Angeles; also that she is lazy and big-hearted.

She writes Roger, her ex-husband, agreeing to a cut in alimony to tide him over while his second wife, Eunice, has a baby. In a letter to her girl friend, Zellah, we learn about her friendship with Ray Garden, a big-shot movie producer whose wife is in Honolulu. There are loving letters written to her mother in the East; also others, not so loving, to her brother who has financial troubles. Cynthia doesn't like his wife, Helena, but adores their little daughter, Cookie.

At Arrowhead Lake for a rest, Cynthia encounters Esme Corber, a Garden screen star, and Count Berrier, and writes Gladys Haligan to bring her her best clothes. Then she writes Ray, mentioning how snippy Esme is to Gladys, and asks him for a little job in pictures, just to pass her time; but he ignores this.

Back in Los Angeles, Cynthia meets Bruce MacDougal, a noted Scottish author imported by Garden to write a picture for Esme. He is polished, plays the piano and sings beautifully, and is different from any other man she ever met. Ray accuses her of trying to "vamp" Bruce, and she bawls him out, but pleads with him to say nothing about their own former affair. Then Cynthia goes to Bruce's apartment for dinner, and finds Cara Breslin of London there. In clothes, poise, and manner, the English girl makes her feel shoddy and out of place. Cynthia writes Bruce a farewell note, and wishes him and Cara every happiness. Then she turned to answer a letter from Ray:

PART THREE—THE OTHER WOMAN

Los Angeles, Calif.
August, 1934.

DEAR RAY:

It was nice of you to write. Of course I knew you were in New York but I didn't expect to hear from you. Certainly I'm all right. I know what made you write to me. It was that item in Winchell's column that said that Bruce MacDougal was going to marry the smart London lady who has recently arrived in Hollywood. That was it, wasn't it? You had visions of me tearing my hair all up and down the streets of Los Angeles, didn't you?

No, Ray. I'm quite sane and steady. First of all, Winchell is wrong, and in the same mail with yours is a note from Bruce explaining that Miss Breslin and he are only friends. That sounds like the same old gag, I know, but he didn't send that denial to the newspapers. He sent it to me, and he would have no reason for telling it to me if it weren't true. Secondly, even if Bruce were married tomorrow I could face it calmly. Why not? I expect nothing of him. I never have. He wasn't meant for me. All I want is to see him occa-

sionally. Well, I won't go into that again. You know how I feel about him.

Thanks a million for worrying about me, Ray.

Yours,

C.

Was Winchell wrong? Here's further proof that he may have been:

Los Angeles, Calif.
August, 1934.

DEAR BRUCE:

Thanks for the note explaining everything. It wasn't due me, but thanks just the same. I am sorry that you and Miss Breslin aren't engaged, for you certainly make a grand couple. You owed no explanation to me about anything. I am sorry if I put a false interpretation on Miss Breslin's presence in your apartment. I thought that she was there to put me in my proper place.

I am flattered to think that you just wanted us to know each other.

I won't write you any more hysterical letters. (Is this one sane so far?) From now on I shall be a restful, soothing playmate. Your biographers will comment on how docile I was and how my sweetness and charm helped you to relax.

You are very kind to ask me to the opening on Thurs-

day night. I shall be delighted to go.

I am going to close this letter before I make you sorry you asked me.

Yours,

CYNTHIA.

Even the anticipation of that party gives Cynthia the thrill of her lifetime:

Los Angeles, Calif.
August, 1934.

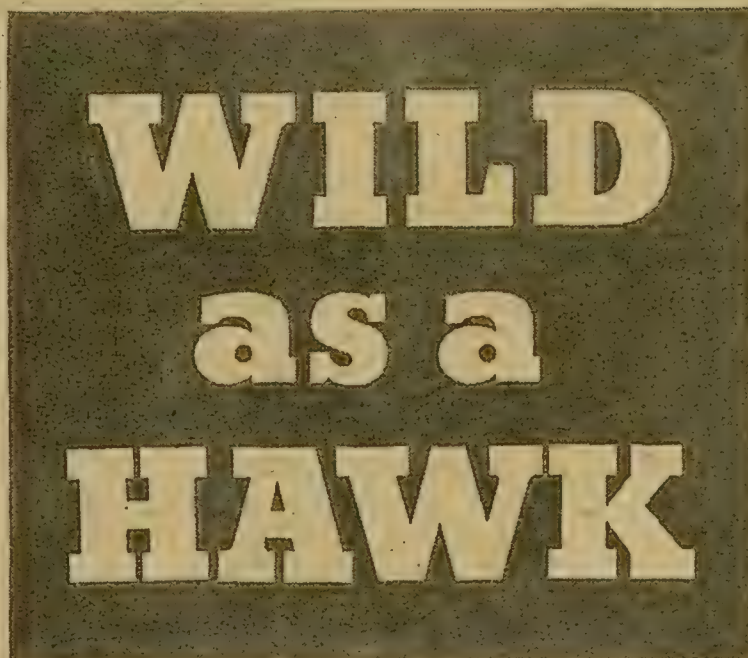
DARLING ZELLAH:

This is the shortest of short notes. I am standing here in the most beautiful dress you ever saw—I am afraid to sit down for fear of wrinkling it—scribbling this to you and hoping that you will forgive the pencil. I have charged this dress at our smartest shop, and God knows when I'll pay for it; but I'm not worrying about that now. I have my hair done so beautiful that I can't believe it's me. I look simply divine and the most gorgeous corsage has just arrived. No, not orchids. He isn't the type that sends orchids. He puts a little thought in on the matter.

He's calling for me in a few minutes but I've been dressed for a half hour waiting for him. I'm *that* excited. We're going downtown to an opening. Oh, Zellah, I'm so happy. Maybe I'm a little slug-nutty but I feel like a girl at her first party. I'm thrilled to death.

Did you see Winchell's column? It isn't true. He isn't engaged to anybody.

I have to close now. I just wanted you to know that I'm happy tonight. I



**by VINA
DELMAR**

READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 41 SECONDS

Cast of Characters

Cynthia Carson, a Hollywood divorcee.
Roger, her ex-husband.
Eunice, his second wife.
Zellah Ferguson, Cynthia's girl friend.
Gladys Haligan, another friend.
Ray Garden, a big-shot movie producer.
Cynthia's mother.

Her brother and his wife, Helena.
Cookie, their child.
Esme Corber, a Garden screen star.
Count Berrier, a Hollywood hanger-on.
Bruce MacDougal, famous Scottish author.
Cara Breslin, his friend from London.

know you'll be glad. We're going dancing after the show.
Love to you and Harry.

CYNTHIA.

Now comes the conventional "bread and butter" note, with a couple of apologies:

Los Angeles, Calif.
September, 1934.

DEAR BRUCE:

I want to thank you for the beautiful evening you gave me. I suppose I did thank you in the prescribed manner in parting, but that I would have done even if I had been bored to death. My mama taught me always to thank everybody for everything. But I wouldn't have sat down and written this letter unless it had been an extra special evening, and it was just that. It was an evening I'll always remember.

The play was grand, I thought. We only get casts like that once in a blue moon. Much as I would like you to stay in Hollywood, I have to admit that the shows are usually dreadful, owing to bad casts and careless direction. But this is an exception. I loved every minute of it.

I hope you liked the Shamrock Club. Inasmuch as I suggested it I was very anxious for you to like it. It is really the nicest place here. At any rate I enjoyed being there with you. Every time I hear any of the songs the orchestra played last night I shall always remember you and our nice evening together—or my nice evening with you. I suppose when I'm an old lady somebody will sing The Beat of My Heart or Moon Glow, and I shall immediately start telling about the time when I knew Bruce MacDougal. But no one will believe me. Oh, yes, they will. I forgot. I can show them your autograph.

I am sorry about that drunk coming over to the table; but you saw that I couldn't help it, didn't you? It's only natural that people of all kinds would have got to know me. I have gone to several parties and you know how it is. I never knew him well, of course, but he was just drunk enough to think that every one alive was his bosom friend. It was nice of you to get me out of dancing with him. He is a pest if ever one lived and breathed. He dances badly, talks incessantly, and insists upon singing. In other words, he is a triple-threat man.

And while we're on the subject of crashing people's parties—you seemed to resent your boss moving in on us. You didn't say anything but I've come to know you well enough to tell when you're not pleased. You'll have to get used to things like that. He meant no harm by it. People are very informal in Hollywood, and you mustn't think that he joined us without invitation just because he felt that your working for him gave him special privileges. If he was working for you he'd have done the same thing. He is a very lonesome man and only goes to places like the Shamrock Club hoping to see some one he knows and likes. I mention this only so you'll know that according to

our custom he made no social breach by drawing up a chair and lingering for five or ten minutes at our table.

You were nice to him. I don't want you to think that you appeared inhospitable. I am sure that he could not tell that you were resenting him. I have met him many times here and there and he is really a very fine person. I don't suppose you could ever learn to like him, for you could never understand his type. You two are as different as it is possible for two men to be.

He was a newsboy, a race-track tout, a traveling salesman, an usher, and God knows what not all. He left school in the fifth grade and nothing on earth except his own determination and force put him where he is. You see I know my Hollywood biographies. Is there any one else you'd like to know about? I read the columns and Sunday supplements and that's how I know 'all about Ray Garden.

I suppose you're reading this and groaning and thinking to yourself, "So an ex-race-track tout with no education at all is going to pass opinion on my story." We spectators in the Hollywood grandstand hear that groan from writers all the time. To the writer it seems like a dreadful system, but there's this to be said for it: A

A drunk with whom I had the ill fortune to be acquainted barged up and ruined a few minutes.



great many good pictures have been made. What? You say a great many bad ones have been made. But what about books? There are plenty of bad books and that business isn't in the hands of men like Ray Garden.

You see I can fill my letters with things that aren't at all personal. Shall I go on about the movies or do you prefer dietetics or politics? This letter is silly, I know, but at least it isn't hysterical. I've determined to be sensible about everything, but I must write from time to time. It's the next best thing to seeing you.

Yours,

CYNTHIA.

A brief letter of thanks to an ex-boy friend for the perfect role he played:

Los Angeles, Calif.
September, 1934.

DEAR RAY:

It was good to see you looking so well. I am glad that you stopped at the table, for I often think about you and hope that you are O. K. It was a most reassuring sight to see you looking so well. The trip to New York seems to have rested you. You needed it.

You were very sweet to pretend that you had never seen

me before. But I had told Bruce that we had met a few times. I figured that Esme Corber or some one might unknowingly drop a word. Later I had to explain that though we had met, Hollywood executives never remember names or faces of unimportant people. I regret to say that he liked Hollywood executives less for that.

You were, as you always are, a perfect peach. Once when the music started you looked as though you were going to ask me to dance. I would have danced with you, Ray, and with the greatest of pleasure. You looked sort of wistful, I thought, all through the dance. I was sorry I couldn't ask you to dance. You looked so forlorn. Why don't you get a girl? I know no end of beautiful girls who'd give anything to go places with you.

Well, it was grand seeing you.

Best always,

C.

From the tinsel and gayety of Hollywood, she turns to troubles back home:

Los Angeles, Calif.
September, 1934.

DEAR BROTHER:

The enclosed money order is no doubt quite a surprise to you. I'll tell you what it is for. I want Cookie to go to the country for a while. I know she is all over the measles, but Harry wrote and said that she looked very frail and that Helena was thinking of keeping her out of school until she grew stronger. So let her go to the country for as long as the two hundred dollars lasts.

There should be some farm up New York State that would be cool and comfortable.

I understand you're having a hell of a hot September.

Now, if it is convenient for Helena to go with Cookie, I want her to go. That's fine. The child should have her mother, and naturally Helena wants to be with the child, and I don't mind that. *But* if Helena doesn't want to leave you, or if you can't spare her from the house, or if for any reason Helena doesn't go, I want mama to go with Cookie. Do you understand? I don't want any of my money spent on that fat slob of a sister of Helena's. She wouldn't take good care of Cookie and she'd just lie around having a swell field day on my dough. No play, do you understand?

Now, listen. I hocked Roger's engagement ring to get this two hundred dollars. I'm not telling you that because I want applause or one of Winchell's orchids or to be mentioned in your prayers. I'm not trying to show what a great sister I am. I only told you that so you won't think the money grew on a palm tree and



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

that there's plenty more where that came from. Have a little respect for it and treat it kindly. Spend it on Cookie's trip. That's what it's for.

I hope that you're well and that you're visiting mama regularly. Harry says that you're doing nicely in the office.

I wish they'd raise your pay soon. I don't want you to think I'm finding fault, but sometimes I think you don't try hard. You'd have been making three times your present salary if you hadn't walked out of Krantz's with your damned old pride. Don't walk out of this job or God knows what will happen to you. It's not so bad to be broke while Cookie's small, but think of her future. She'll want clothes and parties and all kinds of things. Please think a little of the future.

I guess this is a hell of a letter to write to anybody. A lecturing, disapproving, holier-than-thou letter. Just mark it down to human nature, fellow. A person gives you a few dollars and then thinks she's privileged to turn you inside out and examine the seams. That's life.

Love, SIS.

We get the lowdown on Bruce, Ray, and the trend of Cynthia's heart now:

Los Angeles, Calif.
September, 1934.

DEAR ZELLAH:

I haven't written to you since the night I went to the opening with Bruce. I certainly was slap-happy that night. I never expect to feel that way again. He is a grand person. The evening was simply perfect. We went to the Shamrock Club afterward, which is a smart hang-out where you can eat and drink and dance and gamble and have a swell time. A drunk with whom I had the ill fortune to be acquainted barged up and ruined a few minutes, but that passed off nicely, or maybe I should say he passed out nicely. He isn't a bad guy. I'd been out with him a few times and, barring a couple of unpleasant habits, he's all right. But I certainly was flustered to have him catch up with me when I was with Bruce. It seems that everybody who spoke to me that night was some one I'd sooner have strangled than answered. But I had to pick some place and I'd have known some heels wherever we had gone. Besides, Bruce being a stranger here couldn't tell they were heels—except the most obvious ones.

Ray Garden called in at our table. (He's no heel, darling. I don't mean him to fall in that classification.) He was very sweet and friendly. He bears me no ill will for switching boy friends. He never really cared about me, so it's a matter of small moment to him.

I love the way I refer to Bruce as a boy friend. The man scarcely knows I'm alive. I guess you've gathered from my recent correspondence that I know he's alive. I guess you've gathered that—well, sure, what the hell! I'm simply insane about him. Any one would be who knew him. He's the most wonderful man I've ever met, ever dreamed of. He's very nice to me. I guess he even likes me. There's something about me that makes me O. K. with him. My frankness perhaps. I don't know. Sometimes I wake up nights and wonder if he's just studying me so he can use my type of woman in a book sometime. But that's a high-school kid's idea of how authors get to know characters, don't you think?

I can tell you, in case you're wondering, that it isn't the obvious thing at all. He seems to think that it's unmanly to proposition a lady. A refreshing thought, isn't it? I tell you I think I'd just die if he turned out to be just like all the rest. Not that I expect a man to be a plaster saint, but he's so different. He's so perfect.

I'm not one of these rooters for foreign culture, Zellah. I don't think that Europe raises better men than we do. I guess there's just as much necking and struggling on

the doorsteps in the rarefied air of the old country as there is here, but Bruce is different. He's just a romantic figure out of a book. He is actually willing to dine and dance and say good night. Ever since I was seventeen I've dreamed of such an escort and now I've found him. Do I grow lyrical? Oh, Zellah, you haven't seen him. People stare at him. He is so big and handsome. He is what a romantic, imaginative lady artist would draw for Richard the Lion-hearted.

I guess I'm a sap. I shouldn't say to you or to any one else what I feel about him. A person's ravings always sound idiotic. But I like to tell about him. I know the meaning now of that phrase about "shouting from the housetops." You have no idea of the way I live now. I do absolutely nothing. Everything that has nothing to do with Bruce bores me to distraction. People who aren't Bruce get on my nerves. I only live when I'm with him, writing to him, or writing about him. I go no place. All men except him are heels, fools, or scoundrels. I think I should die if I ran into him some place with another man. I wouldn't be able to live with the thought that perhaps he'd never call me again. Not that he would object to me having another man. He wouldn't care. He has made no effort to hold me for his very own, and obviously nothing is further from his desires. Apparently he is glad to see me occasionally, but I know that it means nothing to him one way or the other.

But I have wandered a long way from the point. Said point being that I would die if Bruce saw me with another man, for he would probably think that the other man was important to me and that he must never intrude again. Besides, I don't want another man. He would certainly bore me. I am screwy, I suppose. I sit around in the apartment all the time. I only go out to give Mary her airings and to pick up food for us. Then I come back and sit some more, wondering if by any chance he called while I was out.

Anybody but you would laugh at this, Zellah. But you won't laugh. You wouldn't laugh at a person in pain, no matter what ridiculous positions they took in their writhings. Don't let Harry see this letter. He wouldn't understand. He's never understood how a person can be a fool at all, much less how one can be aware of being a fool and not reform.

Don't worry about me either. I'm perfectly all right. Love (even unrequited love) doesn't do any real or lasting harm unless you're the kind of person who does leaps from buildings or plays rough with firearms. And you know I'm not like that. I can take it.

I think I feel better after writing all this twaddle to you. Forgive me for using you as a shoulder to do my weeping on but—what the devil! You let yourself in for it by just being friends with me. Oh, for your level head and just a portion of your coolness and self-control!

And with this thought, my dear Mrs. Ferguson, I will leave you till the next lecture, which will begin promptly upon receipt of your letter, distressingly overdue.

Love to you and Harry.

Always,

CYNTHIA.

And here's some inside stuff on the home folks:

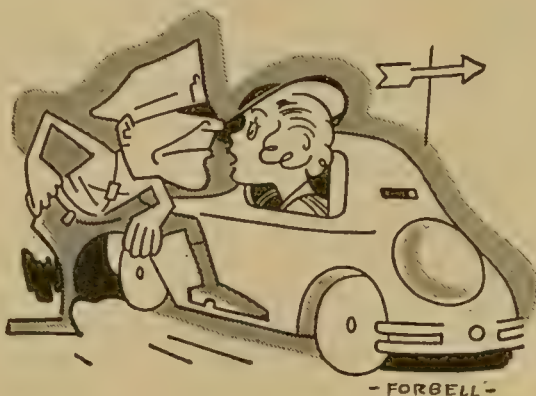
Los Angeles, Calif.
September, 1934.

DEAREST MOTHER:

I had a wire from brother today saying that you and Cookie have gone to a nice modern farmhouse. By the time this letter reaches you, you will well know how nice it is. I hope it is O. K. and that Cookie and you will be happy there, and that you both come back pink-cheeked and healthy. I wish I could be there with you. I guess

What Do You Say?

by Charles H. Forbell



Cop: Didn't you see that street sign?

Lady: Y --, o -- -- --, I d --. B --

Cop: Then why didn't you follow it?

It's marked "One Way."

Lady: O --, b -- t -- d -- --? m --

m --. I' -- o -- -- g -- -- o -- w --!

The answer will be found on page 38

you went away loaded with instructions from Helena on what to do and what not to do with Cookie. I can just imagine her shouting after the train that Cookie mustn't be allowed either to get wet or stay wet. As though you wouldn't know how to take care of her. Didn't you raise two children of your own? It isn't your fault that they're both flat tires. God knows you struggled with us.

Well, there isn't any news here. I am just fine and looking well and feeling well. The weather is simply delightful. I drove down to the ocean today with a girl named Gladys Haligan. She once invited me to go for a trip on a boat but I didn't go. She was a little peevish that I hadn't gone, but she telephoned me today and we made up. It's funny at my age to talk of making up with a girl, isn't it? Anyhow Gladys Haligan and I did make up. She pranced into the apartment and raved about the weather and got me to go riding with her. I had intended to stay in but it was no use. I took my dog and down we went to the ocean.

I hear all the time from Zellah, of course. She and Harry are a very happy couple. It's nice because they are both such grand people. They've had such bad luck, too. When I think of the things that girl had before Harry's business went to pot it just makes me sick. Here he is plugging away just like any ordinary clerk, after the home and the car and the clothes he was able to buy for Zellah. She's doing her own housework, you know, with never a whimper.

And to think of Helena who never had a thing in her life complaining all the time because brother can't get her this and that. Well, that's the way people are. However, I must be fair and honest to Helena (much as it hurts) and admit that it is harder for her than for Zellah. Zellah has no kid to worry about and Harry is a lamb, while Helena has Cookie to stew over and brother's disposition is a little on the bad side.

Zellah has had furs and diamonds and they long ago lost their power to thrill her. Helena has never had them, so she thinks she is missing something really wonderful. I guess, all in all, Zellah is better off. You will no doubt be pleased to note that I managed to talk long enough to put Helena in the right. I must be mellowing with age.

Well, mother, I guess that's all I can think to say just now. This letter sounds very flippant, I see upon reading it over. Perhaps I feel especially well today. I hope you feel that way too.

All my love to you and Cookie and loads of kisses for you both.

DAUGHTER.

Cynthia gets a surprise that leaves her embarrassed, almost flabbergasted:

Los Angeles, Calif.
September, 1934.

DEAR MISS BRESLIN:

I am afraid I was a very bad host-



SHE: "This party is even better than your last one, Jack!"

HE: "Perhaps that's because I've found a better whiskey—
Shipping Port!"

COMPARE Shipping Port with any other whiskey at anywhere near its price—and you, too, will discover it's better! Because it's so velvet-smooth and mellow—a whiskey made by the costly old-fash-

ioned method . . . and bottled straight from the barrel.

If you prefer a Rye, ask for
WOLF CREEK

a fine straight Rye Whiskey at an exceptionally low price.

SHIPPING PORT

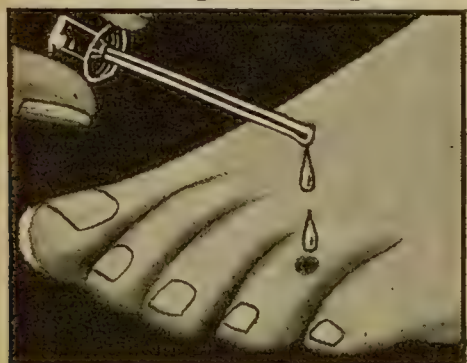
100% STRAIGHT KENTUCKY WHISKEY

**THE BEST STRAIGHT WHISKEY
...AT SO LOW A PRICE!**



QUICKEST WAY TO GET RID OF CORNS

no cutting . . . no pads



ONE DROP STOPS PAIN INSTANTLY

If you want to keep your feet free from aching corns just get a bottle of FREEZONE from any druggist. Put a drop or two on the corn. Pain stops instantly, and for good! Then before you know it the corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers, easily and painlessly. It's the safe way that millions use to get rid of hard and soft corns and calluses. Works like a charm! Try it.

FREEZONE

Mercolized Wax



Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists. Phelactine removes hairy growths—takes them out—easily, quickly and gently. Leaves the skin hair free.

Powdered Saxolite

Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

216

EVERY MINUTE

Analyze Liberty's weekly sale of 2,174,000 copies. You will see that this is the equivalent of 216 people paying a nickel for a copy of Liberty every single minute. 216 nickels, every minute of the day, 7 days a week, 52 weeks a year! A tremendous and continuous affirmation of Liberty's popularity.

ess this afternoon. It was kind and ever so friendly of you to call, but I can't tell you how ashamed I was to have you find me lying around in negligee at three o'clock in the afternoon. I am just plain lazy. Time was when I would get dressed to take my dog walking, but now I have the doorman do that. I think it must be the climate that completely saps my energy.

Too, it seems to me that I might have done more than offer you a drink of very questionable brandy. I might have made tea. Or is four o'clock tea time? Or five o'clock? And is tea time, time for tea? Or is tea time for scones, trifles, or crumpets?

I was so glad that you liked me well enough to look me up. In fact I was proud. Please do it again any time you feel like it, and I hope that next time my apartment and I aren't quite such eyesores.

Thanks again for your thought and friendliness.

CYNTHIA CARSON.

Does Cara's visit mark the beginning of a beautiful friendship?

Cynthia wonders:

Los Angeles, Calif.
September, 1934.

DEAR BRUCE:

Did you know I was learning to play tennis? Has Cara told you? I know very well she has, and I know very well that you know I'm learning to play tennis, and I know very well that you don't give a damn, but I've been very good, Bruce. I haven't written to you in ever so long. Surely you can stand this one little letter.

I know that you've got the story from Cara, but I want to give you my angle on it. Anything for an excuse to write to you. She speaks of you, but I ask no questions and she says very little. I guess you two are not in love, or else she is being very British and speaking of "petrol" while her heart is crying "Bruce." I don't know. I can't figure you Gals-worthy characters.

Anyway she called on me one day. I have a sneaking suspicion that she was sorry for me. Next day she called and asked me to learn tennis with her. She is furnishing the court and the coach but she craves a companion. I went, and now I'm learning tennis. I wonder what Cara is learning? She can make a monkey out of the coach any time she chooses. But you know that. Under pressure she admitted that she had had a "bit of a go" at tennis before. You and she, it seems, played every day for about two years.

What is her idea, Bruce? Is she sorry for me because I have low blood pressure or because I'm reaching for the stars?

I don't resent her pity. I'm glad she wants to be with me, regardless of the reason. It's damn' seldom that one woman can meet another woman whom she entirely respects and admires. Perhaps some of her charm will rub off on me. She is my idea of what I'd like to be.

I am only curious. What is her idea? Was she appalled at the sight of me white-faced, idle, and entirely surrounded by cigarette stubs? Did it trouble her, too, that I did nothing and cared nothing for the golden days outside my apartment window?

I don't know. Please tell me. I can't ask her. She is not a person of whom I can ask questions.

However, I am a new woman. Perhaps you'd like to meet me. I have my tennis lessons and then I swim in the pool. I've bought a book on diets and I eat properly. I've cut my cigarette supply down to a mere dozen a day. I went back to my doctor and I'm taking iron shots. I want to be different than I have been. I'm sick of being the person you knew. I want to be healthy and sane and busy.

But I suppose I wouldn't be writing to you if I were really a new woman. There's no use kidding myself and trying to kid you. I'm just the same.

Cara is swell, Bruce. She is so genuine and real. I've never had the opportunity before to meet any one like her. She dazzles me. When I'm with her I think of the first time I ever saw a big diamond.

I look at her and I think, "He is not in love with her." And I wonder what in the world you want. And I think how cheap and insignificant I must seem beside her, and I marvel that you ever wanted me even to dance or dine with. Bruce, if I looked like Cara and was the person she is I'd insist that you marry me. I'd be certain that we were born for each other. But, then, if I were the person she is I'd feel differently, wouldn't I? All I can think of is love and marriage, like a sentimental servant girl. Have you seen the Disney Flying Mouse thing? Then you've heard the song, You're Nothin' but a Nothin'. Well, that's me—

CYNTHIA.

Cynthia may think she's "nothin' but a nothin'," but she's got some big ideas. Beneath that inferiority complex which Cara seems to have aroused in her, she still has hopes. But what's behind Cara's unexpected friendship? With Bruce between them, can these two women ever be friends? We learn more about this situation as Cynthia scribbles on in next week's installment.

ANSWER TO WHAT DO YOU SAY? PUZZLE ON PAGE 36

Cop: Didn't you see that street sign?

Lady: Yes, officer, I did. But—

Cop: Then why didn't you follow it? It's marked "One Way."

Lady: Oh, but that doesn't mean me. I'm only going ONE way!

Historic, Heroic, Hilarious

Clive of India Comes to Glamorous Life on the Screen; Miss Loy and Mr. Grant Enact a Vibrant Tale of the Air, and Mr. Robinson Displays a Nimble Wit in an Energetic Farce

by **BEVERLY HILLS**

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 47 SECONDS

★★★★ CLIVE OF INDIA

THE PLAYERS: Ronald Colman, Loretta Young, Colin Clive, Francis Lister, C. Aubrey Smith, Cesar Romero, Montague Love, Lumsden Hare, Ferdinand Munier. Directed by Richard Boleslavski. Screen play by W. P. Lipscomb and R. J. Minney.

IN a week of exceptionally enjoyable films of varied type, Twentieth Century's superbly mounted production of Clive of India emerges as the most finished of all. It is a beautifully photographed and highly romanticized adventure story based on the cyclonic career of Robert Clive, England's soldier-diplomat who did probably more than any other man in bringing India under British rule.

Ronald Colman, back in the sort of role he managed so well in the silent days, is completely at home as Clive, the young colonial clerk who takes over the army and with its success rides to public fame and honor and personal disaster. Though the film suffuses this powerful career with a faintly glamorous touch, there is a strong feeling of honesty through the story which balances Clive's great exploits and gives his love for his wife and family a depth of poignancy. For Clive is made to be no plaster hero, yet more likable and understandable than if he had. He is a headstrong opportunist, bitten with ambition for himself and England, and willing to sacrifice himself and family to gain his ends.

As his neglected wife, the lovely Loretta Young has never looked more beautiful. In fact she is so fetching that when Clive falls in love with her merely by a glance at a miniature painting, one feels that there was nothing else for him to do.

Directed by Richard Boleslavski, and given such a smoothly fitting musical score that one hardly notices it, Clive of India comes as a full, engrossing cinema evening.

VITAL STATISTICS: Picture taken from play writ by two Englishmen—one the biographer, t'other the dramatizer. Play has been running around the calendar in London into its second year.

Myrna Loy and Cary Grant in Wings in the Dark—an exciting story of aviation.

4 stars—Extraordinary	3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good	1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor	



Loretta Young and Ronald Colman in the romantic and adventurous Clive of India.

English pictures offered \$7,500 for it; Darryl Zanuck snatched it from them for a mere \$75,000, importing the two authors to Screenland to adapt it, at \$2,500 a week between them. . . . Picture was thirty-three days in actual shooting time but several months in preparation. This is typically Zanuck, the reigning young genius of today's Hollywood. He takes endless pains in preparing his scripts and no time in shooting them. He personally supervises every bit of the filmmaking. 192,236 feet of film were shot for Clive, of which you will be seeing 8,434, and costs ran between \$900,000 and \$1,000,001. . . . Veddly-Englisly English Ronald Colman has the best speaking voice in Flickerland. He fought in the war, fracturing only an ankle when a shell burst a few feet away intending to nahpoo him. At sixteen he clerked for a steamship co. for \$2.50 a week, owing the co. eighteen cents when fired. Now he grabs himself \$6,000 per week plus a percentage of his films, owes nobody, but lives the lone-wolf life in Kliegland. He doesn't mix in the hot-cha set; lives in the same house he started out in (on the skirts of Beverly Hills toward Hollywood); has a few friends; nibbles pretzels as he reads detective stories; shares them with his dog Rajah; enjoys an ice-cream soda as a nightcap; keeps adding wings to his house; has just got a final decree from a wife who wouldn't divorce him for years; left Samuel Goldwyn's employ because he didn't like a press story writ about him, refusing to work on, and Goldwyn finally giving him his release reluctantly but honestly; failed in his first screen test till a mustache was painted on him; has never appeared without a mustache till Clive; and is now seen places with Loretta Young, Hollywood's loveliest bachelorette, and his first escortee in years. . . . The Young is a lovely trick, gets her \$2,000 a week; has a seven-year contract with Twentieth Century and is constantly in demand by other studios.

★★★ ½ WINGS IN THE DARK

THE PLAYERS: Myrna Loy, Cary Grant, Roscoe Karns, Hobart Cavanaugh, Dean Jagger, Bert Hanlon, James Burtis, Russell Hopton. Directed by James Flood. Story by Nell Shipman and Philip D. Hurn.

WINGS IN THE DARK—all about a blinded aviator and his stunt-flying girl friend—is the sort of picture which might easily have been unbelievable, theatric, and maudlin. Instead, due to its bright but real dialogue and the graceful playing of Myrna Loy, Cary Grant, Hobart Cavanaugh, and Roscoe Karns, the film is both exciting and touching, and builds pleasantly and swiftly to a highly tense climax.

Wings in the Dark is much better than any synopsis of its plot would imply. For one thing, it offers the piquant Myrna Loy a role much in the same mood as her casually bright part in The Thin Man, and there is not an actress in Hollywood who can top this slant-eyed miss in the grace-under-pressure business. Then, too, Cary Grant, after a succession of pictures in which he did little more than chase gals about bed-



Why You Have ACID INDIGESTION

And a Great New
Advance in
Relieving Fussy Stomachs

THERE are many causes for the acid indigestion which at times troubles almost everyone. Eating too fast, an American habit, is one cause. Nervous strain and high tension living, another. Wrong habits in diet such as eating too much rich, highly seasoned foods—too many acid-forming foods—are at the bottom of a great deal of trouble. Then many people complain of certain foods, often their favorites, which for some reason, cause trouble. Even healthful fruits and vegetables contain certain acids or other chemical substances which may be irritating.

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When mistakes in eating, drinking, excess smoking, cause your stomach to



Hurried meals, nervous strain, wrong eating habits are frequent causes of acid indigestion.

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when you're not feeling just right, try eating 2 or 3 TUMS. You may be surprised at the difference they make. TUMS come in small rolls convenient for pocket or purse, so you can always have them handy for quick relief. You will find them in any drug store—only 10 cents. (TUMS contain no soda.)

rooms, is shown as the splendid actor he is. Aided by Hobart Cavanaugh as the Scotch mechanic, these two personable and competent young people fashion Wings in the Dark into something of real emotion and excitement.

Briefly, the story tells of an aviator planning an ocean hop for the advancement of science. Blinded by accident, he constructs instruments for sightless flying while trying to support himself by writing technical pieces. That these pieces fail to reach print is hidden by Miss Loy, who risks her life daily at stunting to fool him into thinking her checks are his pay checks. But Grant and his newly developed instruments get a chance at heroics when his girl becomes lost in the fog after a transoceanic flight.

Don't let this bald summary keep you away from Wings in the Dark. For to stay away is to miss a captivating show which comes as a delightful surprise.

VITAL STATISTICS: Story based on Amelia Earhart, part-authoress. Nell Shipman actually getting the film's flight dope from the Great Cloud Scrapess herself. . . . Production costs were in the neighborhood of \$350,000 and there were no plane crashes involving any sort of accident. Planes actually are crashed in air pictures according to script, either being catapulted to destruction or cleverly crashed by the pilots themselves in the accepted army style for getting rid of faulty machines. It takes quite some skill not to get killed or hurt doing the stunt. . . . The plane Myrna Loy is supposed to pilot across the ocean in the picture (no, she doesn't fly) is known as the Honeymoon Express. It's piloted by one Paul Mantz, honeymoon pilot. It has flown Evelyn Venable and Hal Mohr, Bill Wellman and Dorothy Coonan, Jean Harlow and Hal Rosson, Al Hall and Lola Lane to either Yuma or Las Vegas to overcome that hitching sensation. . . . Elliott Humphrey, who was called in to train Lightning, the dog that leads Cary Grant, trains dogs to lead their blind masters about a foot clearance of all obstacles. Most dogs mightn't run into things themselves but wouldn't grant the clearance. . . . Lightning is grandson of the great Strongheart, now gone to Doghalla, where there's roast beef and gravy three times a day. . . . Cary Grant seemed authentically blind, thanks to Charles Brown, a really sightless person, who was called in to transfer his sensations to Cary. . . . Myrna Loy isn't her real name but she is of Helena, Montana, and thanks to ballet-dancing lessons she's not fragile as she looks. She's terribly nice to interviewers, talking their ears off but telling them nothing. She's borrowed from M.G.M. for this film, her salary, \$3,500, being doubled for the first three weeks, she getting her net, M.G.M. the rest. She's being toted about by Arthur Hornblow, Jr., coincidentally the producer of this picture. . . . Cary Grant, who looks like a millionaire's son on a college vacation spending spree, is still squeezing his first nickel. He knocks off 30,000 nickels per week.

★ ★ ★ THE WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING

THE PLAYERS: Edward G. Robinson, Jean Arthur, Arthur Hohl, Arthur Byron, Wallace Ford, Donald Meek, Paul Harvey, Ed Brophy, Etienne Girardot, J. Farrell MacDonald. Directed by John Ford. Story by W. R. Burnett.

IN The Whole Town's Talking, Edward G. Robinson is seen as a Caspar Milquetoast office worker who, unfortunately for his peace of mind, greatly resembles Killer Mannion, America's No. 1 gangster. This leads him to endless complications with the police until the harassed and gentle clerk is given a note informing the world at large that he is not Mannion.

But Killer Mannion soon tracks down the clerk, taking the note away from him. From there on The Whole Town's Talking gallops along its hilarious and complicated path. With the Killer mistaken for the clerk, and

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the clerk thrown in with gangsters and detectives, the film takes full advantage of the laughs in the setup. Aiming at farce rather than chills, Mr. Robinson—playing both roles—indulges in some good burlesque and strikes a nice contrast in the extreme types.

Done with pleasant gusto and pace, and spiced with exaggerated but fitting performances by Etienne Girardot, the pompous little office head, Donald Meek, the reward seeker, and Ed Brophy as a garrulous gangster, *The Whole Town's Talking* becomes a slightly mad and energetic item.

VITAL STATISTICS: Despite the gangster picture having reached saturation point, this one will probably get by because of its comedy angle. . . . W. R. Burnett is happily married to a woman who sometimes illustrates his books. He's quite fat and young. He refuses to come to work at studios despite urgent requests that he punch the time clock, but sends his stuff in by messenger. He owes his expert gangsterology to the fact he was underworld reporter in his newspaper reporter days. . . . Jean Arthur, annoyed because she didn't get enough parts with Columbia, went out despite a contract and signed with Hal Roach. Columbia, irked, started legal proceedings, brought her back home with acting plums for lure. She is a capable actress, yet somehow she cannot seem to get her career organized and go places. . . . Wallace Ford was adopted as a boy by a Canadian couple. He ran away from home, took the name of Wallace Ford, and never did know who he is, who his parents were, or where he came from. . . . Edward G. Robinson played so many successful gambler parts that he began to believe in his characterization. He went out to a Hollywood gambling place, and got taken pretty badly, to his great surprise.

★★ CARNIVAL

THE PLAYERS: Lee Tracy, Sally Eilers, Jimmy Durante, Florence Rice, Thomas Jackson, Dickie Walters. Directed by Walter Lang. Story by Robert Riskin.

CARNIVAL is a rather raucous but sometimes humorous affair in which the effusive Lee Tracy is seen as a showman whose wife has died in childbirth. Hounded by the juvenile courts for his unfitness as a parent, Tracy, with the enthusiastic aid of Jimmy Durante, goes about raising his motherless son. This story of father love concerns itself mostly with Tracy's search for a mother to his son, which he does with a fine disregard of intelligence. Tracy brings all his tricks to the role and, except for a tendency to be overemotional in big scenes, gives a standard portrayal.

Sally Eilers, as Tracy's partner in the puppet show, does little but wait for him to discover that she should be the child's mother, though the audience suspects it from the first.

With a little more lightness of touch, this might have been an excellent formula picture. Even as it is, a good many will like it.

VITAL STATISTICS: Those Lee Tracy mad hand wigwaggings, originally invented by him to help make himself a character, have become a part of him now. He was bo'n in the South, son of a railroad switchman. He's traveled everywhere. His parents opposed his stage ambitions but rooted for him as soon as they knew he meant it. He played star shortstop in high school in St. Louis. He writes his mother, back home in Pennsylvania, every day. She's one of the two Jewells of his eye. . . . Sally Eilers is a local Hollywood product, attending school with Jane Peters, who now is Carole Lombard. She was once married to Hoot (Horses) Gibson, who now goes with 1/4 of the Gale Quadruplets, famous vodvil dance team—or is it quadrupeds? Sally's now married to Harry Joe Brown. She recently stuck by Harry through an alienation suit brought against him. Brown had to pay an iota of the original sum demanded, which iota was eaten up by lawyer costs, etc. . . . James Cagney, Du-rante is not Jewish, as many insist. He's Italian. He is a swell untutored gent and has a terrible time in Hollywood social circles because wherever he goes they insist he turn on his act. . . . Grantland Rice's dotter Florence was the cause of the Peter Arno and Cornelius Vanderbilt Thirty-Minute Bloodless War. She's not married, and her heart may still be with Phillips Holmes, now in England, for all I know. . . . Bob Riskin, famous because he scrievined *It Happened One Night*, has disengaged himself from Glenda Farrell and now it's Carole (Powell) Lombard. They spend much time together at Santa Anita, California, winter racing center.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—David Copperfield, The Lives of a Bengal Lancer, Imitation of Life, Chu Chin Chow, Three Silly Symphonies, The Barretts of Wimpole Street.

★★★—Society Doctor, The Secret Bride, The Man Who Reclaimed His Head, Here Is My Heart, The Mighty Barnum, Babes in Toyland, Fox Movie-tone News, The President Vanishes, Sequoia, College Rhythm, Broadway Bill, The White Parade, Anne of Green Gables, St. Louis Kid, The Gay Divorcee, Menace, We Live Again, One Exciting Adventure, Screen Snapshots, The Pursuit of Happiness, Happiness Ahead, The Merry Widow, The Count of Monte Cristo, The Richest Girl in the World, The Belle of the Nineties, You Belong to Me, Madame Du Barry, Judge Priest, Hide-Out, Now and Forever.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

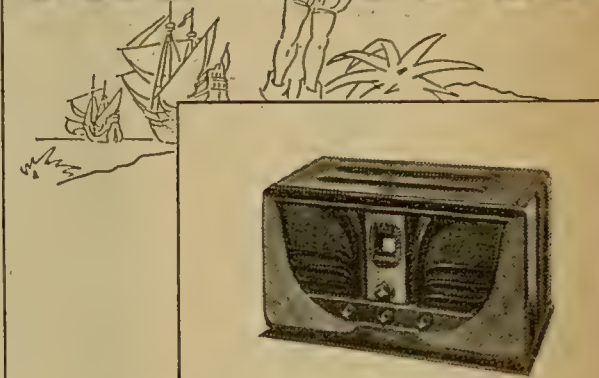
Liberty will pay \$1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

- 1—What island in the United States is, for its size, the most valuable island in the world?
- 2—A spirometer is what?
- 3—What are the eggs of a lobster called?
- 4—How many radio stations in Canada broadcast the Canadian Radio Broadcasting Commission's programs?
- 5—What was the real name of John Paul Jones?
- 6—When did women first vote in Virginia and Massachusetts?
- 7—Who said, "Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well"?
- 8—Where was the first medical school in the United States?
- 9—Louis Riel, the leader of the rebellion of the Indians and half-breeds in the Canadian northwest, was executed when?

- 10—The dried bodies of what beetles are used for medicinal purposes?
- 11—What is jerky?
- 12—Who taught Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh to fly?
- 13—When was the Hudson Bay railway to Churchill opened?
- 14—Why are poll taxes so called?
- 15—Who was the only United States President to be photographed with a King of England?
- 16—Does an alien automatically become a citizen by serving in either the army or navy of the United States?
- 17—What does Manhattan mean?
- 18—What was the French population of Canada in 1760?
- 19—What is "cracking" in the manufacture of gasoline?
- 20—What two well known authors wrote novels with almost identical titles?

(Answers will be found on page 58)

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Little Sue lay along the stallion's back and rode away — toward the north. Northward lay the settlement.



The Stallion of Bright

READING TIME • 23 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

FEW humans had ever beheld the High Country. Far from the haunts of man, rugged with monstrous stone, bright with clear waters from its hoarded snows, lush with grass between its peaks and walls, it lay like the paradise it was under the serene skies.

Shy denizens inhabited it, thrived on its bounty, deer and bear and bobcat, panther and coyote.

And something else. Something wild and proud as Lucifer, arrogant and vain.

Something whose beauty was a shining mark against the green of summer grass, the red of sandstone walls, whose flashing untamed spirit was the soul of the High Country itself, free and strong and admirable.

This was Silvershaft, the stallion.

A lonely "lunger" had so named him once, when he had seen him sweeping down along a valley far below a canyon's rim. The "lunger" passed from the picture but the stallion had a name.

A good name too. It well described him, the pale light of his snowy body, the speed of his drumming hoofs.

And Silvershaft was a king in this wild domain of his, a ruler absolute. He was nine years old, and he had seen the average ups and downs of the lives of the "wild ones."

He lived and loved and fought, tossed his high head and stamped his ringing challenge to a world that held no answer.

The next spring after the "lunger" died that answer was on its way. Could Silvershaft have known about it he would have driven his band far to the north, out of the High Country entirely.

This answer had to do with a man and a woman and four sorry nags who bore them and their packs, the lean provisions for almost a summer's trail into unknown uplands. They carried scant beds, foods in concentrated form, dry beans and rice and jerky, coffee and hardtack.

There was a rifle, too, and enough of ammunition.

Of the man the least said the better. He was tall and thin and handsome after a dark secretive fashion. There



Star Pass

**A Vivid Story of Love Turned
to Hate, and a Browbeaten
Girl's Strange Victory**

by VINGIE E. ROE

was in him the hardness of the rocks they climbed in the weeks of their coming.

The woman was a different matter. A little thing, slim in shoulder and thigh, of that soft transparent flesh that seems on the point of melting under hardship, yet endures amazingly. She had blue eyes and fair hair that curled damply at her sweated temples in the sun, and a mouth like a rose unfolding. But the eyes were full of light that never came from the sun, the mouth pale and set carefully together that it might not betray the fear beneath. For it was fear that shone in the deep blue eyes.

There was more than fear there, too, and this was a growing knowledge of spiritual disaster. It had been three weeks since they had left the tiny town on the railroad where she had worked as a waitress at the eating house under the sunburnt palms beside the water tank, the uncertain shelter of her Aunt Susan's house.

Three weeks—and they had not yet come to any town, or the minister that was to have married them. Weeks at first joyous, thrilling, then filled with fright and

bewilderment at the trick fate had played upon her. "Oh, Pete," she had asked timorously, "we're getting so far away! Where is the preacher?"

And Pete had laughed and rumbled her bright hair with a possessive hand.

"Guess that'll have to wait till we get back this fall," he had said carelessly, and her heart had contracted.

"This fall?" she had said faintly. "Not married?"

"See here, Sue," he had said sharply, "be your age. Who cares about getting married any more? That went out with the dodo bird. Only the fossils do it these

days. Come along, let's reach that ridge before night. Ought to be water there."

And Sue had ridden after him, her eyes wide and staring, her face as white as death. So. This was what her love had led to. This was the end of her honest plans, the thrill of elopement.

In happiness she had run toward marriage.

In sorrow she rode now to dishonor, to darkness and disillusionment.

But the gentle body of her housed a heroic soul, and presently she raised herself, wiped her face with a trembling hand.

"'Man looketh on the outward appearance,'" she told herself despairingly, "'but the Lord looketh on the heart.' You know, God, this was not what I meant."

And so it was that they came into the High Country from the south.

"We'll stay here a few days," he said. "This looks like likely country."

"For what?" the girl asked quietly. "What are you going to do?"

"What I came on this trip for. I didn't tell you before because you're so damn' chicken-hearted. This is wild-horse country. I'm a spotter."

"Oh, Pete!" she said and set down the pan she held.

He caught her wrist in his big hand and when he let go she was sobbing on her knees.



The memory of the herds of "wild ones" driven down to the little town had been a shaft in her heart for two long years. The shouting and the dust, the staring exhausted horses, mad with thirst, their terror heightened by the roaring trains into which they were driven from chutes—would she ever forget them? And the end of them was the slaughter pen.

And this man whom she had loved was a "spotter," one who went into the constantly receding country where wild horses could be found, and located the herds, that the drivers might come in later and haze them out. A slow dark stream of hate began to flow in her.

For Sue was a lover of horseflesh. All her life she had loved and ridden horses, every one she could wheedle from any one for any length of time. They said around the eating house that she was a "whisperer"; the cowboys who let her ride their mounts said she had a "way."

IT was that "way" which made her lie in her scant blankets that night when she knew what Pete was and weep her heart out.

They were camped on the south end of that same canyon rim where the "lunger" had lived, for smoke should be high in wild-horse country, and in the low pass in the ridge toward the west one great star hung against the purple sky.

Next day Pete found a way to the valley's floor and came back late at night in genial spirits.

"They're here," he told her. "They come in from the north to feed on the bunch grass and drink. There's a little creek against that farther canyon wall."

And it was from their camp on Lost Canyon's rim that they got their first glimpse of the "wild ones" and their leader. At sight of that magnificent white creature with the smoke of silver on his prideful neck, the plume that rode the winds behind him, Pete's eyes widened in astonishment.

"By ——!" he swore delightedly. "Look at that! Kid, look at that!"

The horse was running with the pure joy of life and freedom, just to feel the wind against his silver face, the power flowing in his steel-like muscles, and his band came after him. They traversed the length of the valley and disappeared in the narrow neck of the canyon where the waters ran. All that evening the spotter was very

silent, lying on the canyon's rim while the girl prepared their meager meal.

"Pete," she said timidly, "that white horse—he's so lovely. Couldn't you go away from here and leave him be? Don't turn him in, please, Pete. Let's go on away."

The man looked at her, his lip curling.

"Better keep out of my business, kid," he said; "and I mean business, I'll say. I got something on my mind that's better than turning him in. A whole heap better. That's a stud, or I miss my guess. He's herd boss, all right, and only a stallion is that. I know where I could sell a snow-white stud as big and as fast as that for a thousand dollars like turning over my hand. Kingpin Jones has been looking for a super-horse like that for two years."

"Kingpin Jones! Oh, Pete! I saw him kill a horse once at a rodeo."

"He makes or breaks," said Pete largely. "But let's get busy. We're going down in the valley. And we'll eat scant for the next week or two. Don't want any wood smoke blowing up the canyon. I'm going to get that white stud—and it'll take me all my time, I bet. Come on. We're packing."

Pete, the spotter, made his camp in a cup of the great stone cliffs that rimmed the narrow valley, out of sight of the floor itself. Here he made a rope corral for his horses to hold them by day, and staked them out at night to feed on the sparse forage. He and Sue ate jerky and hard-tack, drank the clear waters. And Pete reconnoitered carefully on foot. On the second day the wild ones again came down from the north. This time they grazed on the flat floor, drank at the stream, and Pete and Sue watched them with widely different emotions. Pete was visioning gold; the girl the broken creature that free thing might become in the hands of Kingpin Jones.

Somehow the great white horse with the flowing smoke of silver on his neck seemed to take on a tragic kinship to herself.

They were both innocent—and they were both betrayed.

"I've been figuring," said Pete that night, "how I can catch him. There's a little blind canyon just off the mouth of the cut where the valley narrows to the stream. It's only about two hundred yards long. Must have been a cave-in years ago and ate itself back. The mouth is only about twenty feet. If we could get him in there I could build a fence across the mouth and have him."

Sue caught that "we" and her soft mouth hardened.

"PETE," she said quietly, "if you think I'm going to help you get that horse for Kingpin Jones you are mistaken. I won't do it."

"You mean you won't help me in my honest work?"

She wanted to laugh at that word "honest." Honest! He hadn't an ounce of honest blood in his handsome body. She looked at him and wondered how many women before her had found that out.

"Exactly," she said, though her heart pounded.

The man laid down the rope he was splicing and walked deliberately over to her. He caught her wrist in his big hand and when he let go she was sobbing on her knees.

"Now will you listen when I speak?" he said thinly.

"Yes! Oh, yes!" she hiccupped and crawled away.

And so the work began. First Pete cut and trimmed a pile of saplings and hid them in his sheltered camp. He spent a day chipping holes in the sides of the towering stone that formed the gateway to that blind cut back from the stream. He looked to his ropes and halters, his hobbles and hackamores. He knew that the wild ones came down to the valley about every third or fourth day. When he was in readiness he played an old, old trick. He took old Fan, the pack mare, and tied her in the blind cut's mouth where she could look out into the big valley, and where she could be seen from its distant floor.

Then he hid behind a boulder in the shallow stream to watch. His first day passed without result, for the wild ones did not come; nor did they come the next. It seemed as if some vague intangible warning had reached the stallion on the air.

"You build a fire today?" he asked the girl suspiciously, but she shook her head. It had not been smoke she sent drifting on the clear blue ether, but all the power of her yearning spirit. She felt as if she pushed against space to keep the horse away.

But all her hope was futile.

About mid-morning on the third day of Pete's vigil there came the far thunder of countless drumming hoofs, and down from the canyons at the valley's head the wild ones flowed in a compact band, their leader at its head. When all was well Silvershaft ran in the lead. When danger threatened he placed himself between it and them, drove them like a martinet. Sue, watching from a clump of scrub beside the western wall, saw them come and a lump grew in her throat.

Swift, arrogant, prideful, the stallion raced down the level floor, his great white mane smoking above him, the



plume of his long tail streaming behind. He shone in the sun as if he had been polished, a horse of snow and satin, of light and alabaster.

Old Fan from her far captivity sent out a shrill call on the wine-thin air. The stallion set his forefeet and plowed to a spectacular stop, his great head up, his blue eyes staring with astonishment. A mare had called from the solitudes, a new mare, whose voice he did not know. This was a challenge that drew him like a magnet.

His neck arched high, his eyes like flaming blue fires, he stood and reconnoitered. That hawk's vision of his lighted on the lean old crowbait who watched him from the canyon's mouth. Old Fan had not fared too well under the hands of Pete, a patient beast of burden, often overloaded, always underfed.

But Fan was a mare, a new mare, and therefore lovely in the sight of Silvershaft. Slowly, tossing his regal crest, with mincing steps and breast outthrust, he started down the valley toward her. The band followed but at a distance. They were curious but not so bold as he.

And Pete behind his boulder felt his veins leap with avarice.

A thousand dollars? Fifteen hundred the minute Kingpin Jones laid eyes on this horse! As he came nearer, directly in Pete's line of vision, his perfection stood out astoundingly. Shape, size, coloring, there was not another horse like him in the whole Southwest!

He was built like an Arab, short of back and foreleg and face, long of neck and flank and pastern, broad of breast and across the rump.

His shining coat was almost too white to be true.

But he had quickened his pace by now and came racing up to old Fan with all his vain flags flying, to step about her, sniff long at her wrinkled old nose outthrust toward him plaintively, to squeal and stamp and toss his handsome head. It was plain by every token that he was asking her to come with him to join his family which stood some distance back, staring wide-eyed. And it was equally plain that old Fan longed to go with all her poor old heart.

SHE went beside him as he started away, as far as her rope would let her, and as she reached its end the rope lifted along the ground. As if a snake had struck at him, the stallion went straight into the air, all four feet bunched beneath him. Then he was gone like a shot up the long floor, the others racing behind him.

That lifting rope had savored of mystery, was something the wild horse did not understand.

Pete came from his hiding place swearing, and took old Fan away.

The next night he did not put her back, and he heard Silvershaft calling, calling from the valley's floor.

Pete had tied the muzzles of all four of his horses, lest they answer. He was not ready yet.

Two days later he took old Fan and put her in the blind cut and did not feed her. She was hungry and restless, and this time she was out of sight from the levels beyond, and when the wild ones came again she answered the stallion's whistle with a ringing cry.

And Silvershaft the magnificent, reassured, came sailing directly down toward the blind cut with its notches in the rock that formed its mouth. Whinnying softly he trotted in along the stream's edge, turned in—and so was lost.

Pete, with his rifle in his hand, came like a shadow from behind the boulder and stood in the narrow opening.

And Silvershaft, turning round old Fan, flung up his head and saw him. For one long moment the horse was galvanized into immobility.

What he saw was strange and terrifying, and the wild horse broke and started, only to find himself trapped in a circular basin of stone walls with no opening except that one where danger stood.

He ran and circled at the pocket's back, rose with his hoofs against the walls, screamed to high heaven.

And out on the floor beyond, his band, hearing that wild, despairing scream, turned and fled.

Pete, twisting his rope swiftly around a peg set in a hole in the solid rock, lacing across to another and back again, grinned at his task, his narrow eyes glittering.

"Guess that'll hold you for a while," he said, and he was right, for Silvershaft, tearing like a mad thing round the farther part of the trap, would no more have gone near that strung rope than he would have stepped on a rattler.

CONSCIOUS with the cunning of the wild that he was trapped, he flung himself against the sandstone walls, struck at them with his hoofs, even scored them with his teeth.

He had forgotten old Fan, who watched him with scared eyes.

And finally Pete went away and left him to wear himself down with his frantic efforts. He found Sue, still sitting on her heels behind her bush, her eyes red with weeping, her small face set.

"Kid," he said roughly, "come out of it. I'll want your help to get the saplings over there. I've got to make a gate as quick as possible. The rope won't hold him long."

And Sue, whose heart was the heart of Silvershaft that moment, trapped and mad with fear, went obediently.

"Pete," she said tremulously, "aren't you going to give them some feed? Fan didn't have any yesterday."

"No," said Pete. "Who cares for that old cowbait? Got to get the stud good and hungry. Thirsty, too."

Sue did not sleep that night, thinking of Silvershaft and Fan, and from their hidden camp she could not see the great star hanging in the pass. It seemed as if she, too, were trapped and done for, one with those others in disaster.

All night she could hear that wild high screaming where Silvershaft circled the cut and hunted for a way of escape.

When Pete went down next morning the stallion's eyes were red-rimmed, his whiteness stained with crimson where he had torn his flesh on the unyielding stone. Old Fan was hollow of flank, eager with thirst and hunger. She looked at him with pleading eyes but Pete grinned and went away.

"I'm going up to the valley's head," he told the girl, "to see if I can locate the others. I won't be back till night."

"What lies north, Pete?" Sue asked guardedly. "Where does this country end?"

"Nothing for a week's ride, I guess," said Pete, "as near as I know. These canyons run to the north and finally come out in some good valleys, so Curly Bates says. Farmers up there. Little town, too. Why?"

"Nothing," said Sue.

As soon as the man was out of sight she took a pail and went to the stream at the trap's mouth. Old Fan

whinnied eagerly. The wild horse stood and stared with his wild eyes.

She filled the pail and, creeping under the saplings, carried it to Fan. Silvershaft, against the wall beyond, watched her, terrified. And Sue, whimpering, began to talk to him. It was not words she used, but a low half-sobbing croon, and she stood with her hands outstretched, still, like something of the wild herself.

Fan drank, famished, and Sue brought more water, crawling under the saplings. And finally she went step by step toward the stallion, set down her pail, and backed away.

She went away, back to camp, and left him.

Late in the afternoon she went back to the trap, crept in to look in the pail.

It was out of Fan's reach—and it was empty.

The long, still day and the pinch of thirst had overcome the stallion's fear of the thing which held the water.

"Darling!" the girl said, whispering. "Oh, silver darling!"

And Silvershaft, worn out, only looked at her, at bay.

At dark Pete came back.

"They're up the canyon," he said. "I'll get that five hundred bucks all right, besides the rest. Pretty soft. By morning that white devil ought to be ready to listen to reason. If he don't, I'll have to take measures."

Sue knew what he meant—a rope on the wild one's neck, the fight, the choking, the bulging eyes, the whistling breath.

When Pete appeared at the sapling gate old Fan strained at her rope.

She was gaunt with hunger now, her eyes bright with it. But the wild horse raced again, filled with deadly fear. The man let down the gate, took old Fan out and turned her loose.

He dug a hole and set up a snubbing post well inside the gate, a good strong one, heavy and deep-sunk. Then he got his rope and started in.

Sue could hear the thrash and thunder of the battle, the roaring screams of Silvershaft in his travail. Her eyes were wide and bright with the flames of hate that burned her. As if a cord drew her she went slowly toward the tragic place.

And then she began to run, for she heard, high and shrill, the whistling that she knew. She ran in beside the stream to the sapling gate.

The horse was down, the rope tight on his neck, already choking in its strangling grip. It was his breath that whistled.

But the man was down also.

PETE, the spotter, the breaker, the enemy of horses—and of women, she thought wildly—lay against the snubbing post.

"Choke, damn you!" he panted. "Choke plumb to death! Help me, Sue. I think my right leg's broken."

But Sue rolled under the gate and, scrambling up, ran straight to that prone wild thing at the rope's end. Its mouth was open wide, its legs that had thrashed so wildly on the trampled dust were already relaxing.

Silvershaft, the wild, the beautiful, the innocent, was dying.

The great blue eyes, bulging from the silver face, looked up at Sue. And without a glance at Pete she bent and snatched a knife from her right stocking. She'd carried that little sharp knife, for what vague reason she had not told herself, ever since the day Pete had twisted her arm.

At the risk of her life she slid its thin point under the noose that cut the sweating flesh and began to saw frantically. When the rope fell loose the silver head drew back, the blue eyes closed with the great sobbing breath that filled the stallion's lungs. He was too near gone to do more than lie in that blessed ecstasy of air renewed



Vingie E. Roe was born in Kansas, but now has a ranch at Napa, California, where she does her writing. She loves the West so much that she seldom comes east of the Mississippi. She has a way with horses which has helped her to win more than one blue ribbon at big horse shows. The photograph above shows her mounted on the painted stallion Tomboy, one of her favorites.

within him, and the girl rose carefully and backed away.

"You — damned — hellcat!" said Pete between his teeth. "You little double-crosser!"

"Be still," said Sue ominously, and putting her hands under his shoulders, helped him roll and slide to the gate and out. His right leg dragged, useless.

In grim silence she got him, after this fashion, to the camp in the hidden cup. She fixed his bed and rolled him on it, took off his boots and felt deftly of his hurt.

"It isn't broken," she said at last. "Perhaps a ligament is torn, or a bad sprain."

"Damn!" said Pete.

So the tables were turned on the hinge of a second, and Sue was the master of their destinies, not Pete. The man lay on the blankets, swearing, and the girl went about the tasks that he had done in addition to her own. She got wood and built a fire, made coffee, cooked a pot of beans, and all the time she was oddly silent.

She bathed Pete's swollen knee with steaming water, bound it in a cold compress, fed him meticulously. But she did not talk.

She could not. She would never talk to him again, she knew.

Something cold and hard clung at her throat, closing it to speech. A highness was in her heart. A strength flowed in her.

And when the twilight fell she took the pail and a pan of the precious grain they carried and went away—toward the cut. "Where you going?" Pete yelled furiously; but she did not answer.

IT was cool and dusky in the walled trap. Silvershaft stood against the farther wall, his head up once again, his blue eyes terrified. The girl crept in, pulled her pail in after, set down her pan. Then she rose and held out her arms, and the half-sobbing voice took up its ancient crooning. Wordless, soft, it seemed to drift across the silence, a mysterious sound that bore all love, all gentleness, all healing. Without fear she went toward him, step by step, held out the blessed water. Shaking, starting, fearful, but racked by thirst, the wild one reached out his silver nose—nearer, a little nearer—and presently he drank. Three times Sue brought the cold sweet water from the stream, three times the stallion drank. Then, as if that were enough for this first magic time, she put the pan of grain in the trampled dust and left him.

As she left the cut and came out on the valley's floor she raised her eyes to the dusky heavens. From here she could see the High Country beyond the rimrock, the break that was the pass.

And just above it, clear, glorious, steady, the great star shone.

"Thank you, God," she said.

In the weeks which followed she fed the man and eased his pain, and looked at him as if he were a thousand miles away, and every day and almost all

day she was away—with Silvershaft.

"What you doing with that horse?" Pete would ask furiously. "What's your game? He's mine, remember. By catcher's right."

But young Sue did not answer.

And then came the day when Pete stood for a moment on his two feet, and Sue's face changed strangely. A light broke on it, like the light of the great star, soft but very bright. She put the camp in order and went away toward the cut, and Pete, lying down again, watched her with baleful eyes.

It was noon and the clear sunlight poured down on the valley's floor; the stillness was palpitant, intense, soft with insect-songs.

And presently something struck on his hearing, something which brought him up on his blankets, his mouth open. It was the sound of hoofs on stone and it came from the canyon's mouth.

And out of the defile, like a shaft of light in truth, a great white horse came running, free, beautiful, wild with untrammelled speed.

His great mane smoked above him, his long tail flowed behind, and low on his withers a rider clung, a small

form that lay along his neck and rode ecstatically, as if it were one with him, flesh of his flesh, soul of his soul, born as he was to the winds and the lonely places.

Little Sue, the "kid at Spanner's who could coax the fury from a bronco's heart," the "whisperer," lay along the stallion's back and rode away—toward the north. Against the hazards of that unknown land of creek and canyon and defile she had only her little knife, her old shirt packed with jerky, and Silvershaft.

She would have, too, the four poor nags who grazed at the valley's head where she had turned them days ago, if they should care to follow, for they, too, had suffered at the hands of Pete. Pete, afoot, with his rifle and his long trail back!

Northward lay the settlement—a new life.

And Sue looked up through tears at the blue heavens as Silvershaft slowed for the canyon's mouth, trotted briskly into its shadows.

From the depths of that narrow dark defile she saw, pale against the noonday skies, the great star shining.

THE END



You can see,

I'm a

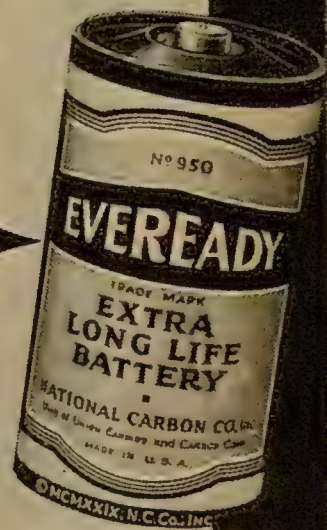
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- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. A Major Bottomley to see you, sir. | 5. I've come way from Texas to shake your hand. |
| 2. Are you the long-lost Charlie Ross? | 6. Your speech belies your manner, my man. |
| 3. You see, I'm working for a scholarship. | 7. Really, sir, you're intruding on us. |
| 4. I wonder if you'd speak before our literary group? | 8. Well, well, so you are the man! |

THE RULES

- Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two contest drawings together with a list of suggested conversational sentences, any one of which might be used as a caption.
- To compete, clip or copy each drawing and under it write what you think one of the characters is saying. Use one of the suggested sentences, or if you can invent one which to your mind is more apt, use that.
- Prizes will be paid for the neatest complete sets of twenty drawings captioned with the most appropriate sentences as follows: First Prize, \$500; Second Prize, \$200; Third Prize, \$100; Twenty Prizes, each \$10; 200 Prizes, each \$5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
- Do not send in incomplete sets. When you have twenty drawings captioned, mail your entry to CONVERSATION CONTEST, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
- All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, May 15, 1935.
- No correspondence can be entered into with any contestant. No entries will be returned. By entering you agree to accept the decisions of the judges as final. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications and members of their families.

FIRST PRIZE	\$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, each \$10	200
200 PRIZES, each \$5	1,000

WHAT'S being said? Here's a game for you! What do you think the editor is saying? Or the invader of his sanctum? What is the housewife saying? What says the man with the brush? You can win big money captioning the drawings in this contest with sentences of conversation. And have a lot of fun in the bargain!

Read the rules carefully before you begin. Then study Drawing 1 and write under it the sentence you think best fits it. Use one of the suggested sentences if you wish, or if you can invent one you like better, by all means use that. Caption Drawing 2 in the same manner. Then save both drawings until your set of twenty is complete. Two more will be published next week.

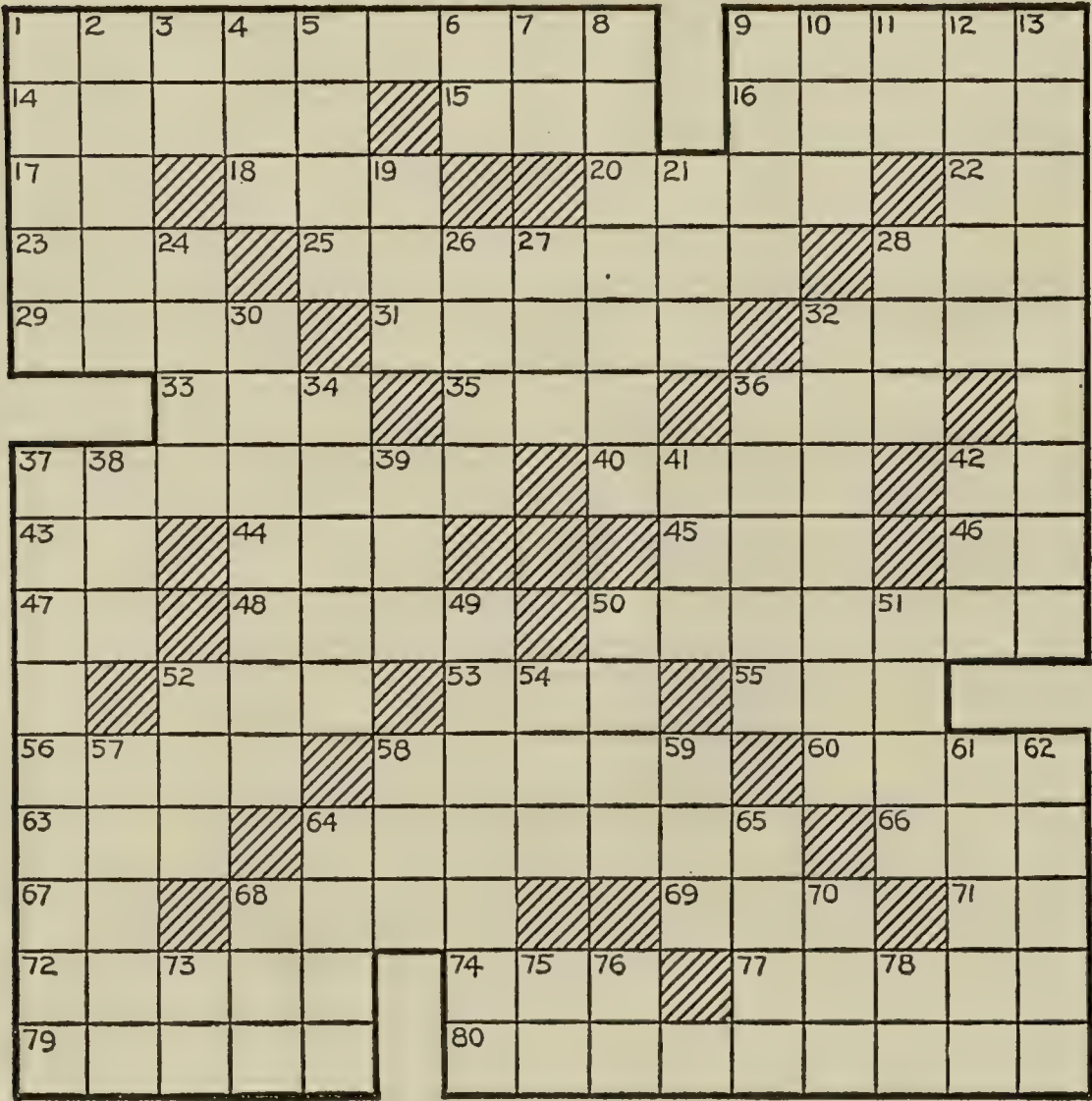
Make your caption humorous if you think the occasion calls for it, or endow it with all the solemnity of the Sphinx. But make it appropriate. Captions that have no possible connection with the drawings will be valueless. They must be appropriate.

Get the others of your family to check with you. Ask them for their ideas for captions. You'll find it a lot of fun. And don't forget to save the best for your entry. The first prize is \$500 and every other prize is worth the winning, too.

YOUR CHANCE TO WIN IS EXCELLENT—GET BUSY!

Cockeyed Cross Words

By Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

- 1 A rowboat with athlete's phutt
- 9 The number of man Adam was
- 14 No business in the upper story
- 15 What M.D.-headed guys get for being cutups
- 16 South American porter
- 17 How Night and Day starts
- 18 This is almost enough
- 20 The crazy way Malaysians run
- 22 A rather indefinite article in the Times
- 23 What people with pull do
- 25 The doughboy at college
- 28 A product of longhairs
- 29 Squirt
- 31 Idea factory
- 32 Greek spelling bee
- 33 This is full of chops and rolls
- 35 This is a giveaway
- 36 A booming business
- 37 Beer dunk
- 40 A jackass abroad
- 42 A weigh with the Chinese
- 43 Lily Pons always takes this before ti
- 44 Shush!
- 45 This'll give you a smooth bearing
- 46 Where a famous wizard hails from
- 47 Howzat?
- 48 What I did when I saw that bull last summer (two words)
- 50 Some say odd
- 52 A point for the Ancient Mariner
- 53 What fathers do after Xmas
- 55 This has bravery written all over it (abbr.)
- 56 Doe boy
- 58 Avoid
- 60 Scotch nut containers
- 63 Ash receiver
- 64 Bubbling over with happiness
- 66 Haiti's beginnings

SHAD	LEMUR	SACS
SHORE	INANE	OVALS
AIRD	MINDS	MARIA
ARACUS	RUSE	GET
RELACES	HELP	PORE
PEW	PASTIME	
PALES	LAIS	NURSED
ANIS	WEIR	BELIEVE
RET	SAND	FATE
INERTIAL	RUNS	MONS
STREET	MEER	SENSE
SPECIAL	BEE	
ABET	RASP	BATTENS
BAN	ASPS	MART
ASTER	PIPES	ENATE
STELE	ELATE	RISEN
ERIA	DETER	SPED

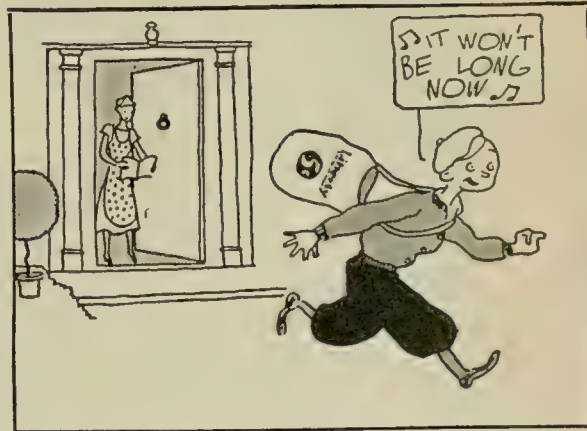
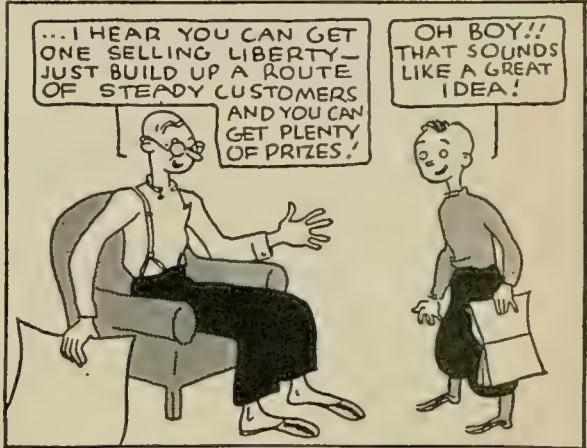
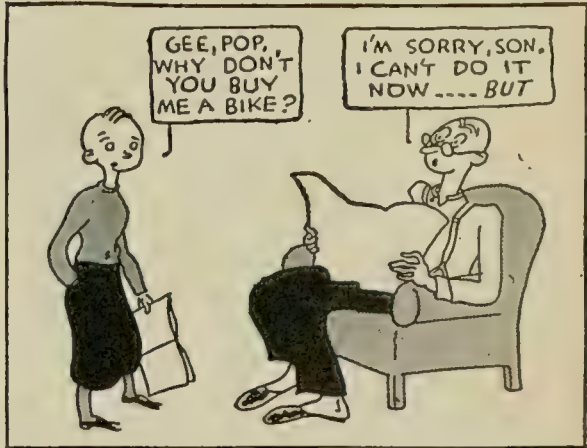
Answer to last week's puzzle

- 67 Pertaining to
- 68 A hot resort, open the year round, where you meet many interesting people and can have a devil of a time
- 69 Goggle water
- 71 Short Numb Skulls
- 72 What the icebox was out of after the party
- 74 Add al and ugh to this and it means the same
- 77 These are hard on the feet
- 79 Big feat
- 80 Today tomorrow

VERTICAL

- 1 Big money makers
- 2 This is always on the best-smeller lists
- 3 Thanks for the baby
- 4 Upstanding figure
- 5 What she did to her clothes when she went on a tear
- 6 Preposition
- 7 Add a sop to this and you'll have a fabulous writer
- 8 Hour for a dish of dirt, a dish of tannin, and a crum-pet (two words)
- 9 Ice with a girlish sound
- 10 What one Elk is to another
- 11 Old Egyptian tanner
- 12 What a hairbrush properly applied makes little Willie
- 13 Tease
- 19 A swell looker
- 21 These things are always these things out where the West begins
- 24 The kind of guy a professor is
- 26 The mountains Russian song writers are always going back to
- 27 An effervescent gal
- 28 Airy beginnings
- 30 Parking and sparking cause this
- 32 A weighty matter with air-minded fellows
- 34 Blue heaven
- 36 How the view looks along the Eerie
- 37 What pretty girls, good drinks, fine companions, excellent books, paid bills, and large bank balances are
- 38 Cry of the rabid rooter
- 39 The hungry Greeka was a bigga thissa
- 41 An old soak
- 42 Business on this is falling off
- 49 Marriage is no this after thirty years in Hollywood
- 50 He gave his lord good serfice
- 51 A Beery fellow
- 52 The insides of a meany
- 54 Like a Scotchman's generosity
- 57 This is rare in Scotland
- 58 Wholly word
- 59 Yank
- 61 A heavenly meal
- 62 This can't take it
- 64 A well mannered male of the Tenderloin who rarely beats his wife or mother.
- 65 These fought both the Germans and Allies in the war.
- 68 Egg plant
- 70 Neither
- 73 Thou for Nero
- 75 A man with chest foliage
- 76 What the thickheaded Latin scholar's head was made of
- 78 A short highway

"All things come to him who hustles while he waits"



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Triangle

A Short Short Story

by MARGUERITE ROBERTS

READING TIME
4 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

THERE she is—right over by the crap table. Damn her. When Ralph was married to her she didn't have to watch the nickels—or the dollars. She had money. Still has. She went to a finishing school. And is *that* a silly thing to call it! Anyway I never went to finishing school. I worked. And if you don't think the Scandals are work, you're crazy. She's too fat, but that's a grand dress she's got on. I have never had a dress like that—even *on*. Swell chance I ever will—with Ralph making what he does now.

I thought he had money. Sure it was love and things like that, too, but I could sue him for obtaining me under false pretenses, at that. Huh! I wonder if Ralph made love to her like he does to me. I wonder. She's too fat—but that is a gorgeous frock. Look—she's winning. She would. Golly—there's Ralph. I thought he was in the gentlemen's. Wonder if he sees her. Yes, there he goes—over toward that table where she is! He's talking to her now. I wonder what about. They're smiling! They've got a nerve. I'm not jealous—but damn them both.

They're laughing again. But I'm younger, aren't I? And prettier. Bet her hair is dyed. Bet you anything. Any fool can tell that. I've got a figure. It earned me dough once. She's fat. She's got pretty legs and feet, though—but her fanny is too big. Darn! Why did we ever come to this place? They used to come here—together. Do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to go right over to that table and I'm going to shove in between them and push that cloisonné compact (I'll bet it's real and I'll bet it cost plenty) along the table and I'm going to say, "Are you finished, Ralph darling?" And when we start away I'm going to say—loud enough so she can hear, "Darling, who was that fat person you were talking to?" And then I'm going to look my slimmest. I'll bet that'll burn her. Then any fool can tell that Ralph was lucky to marry me and not still be married to her. Guess I'll go right now. She who hesitates is bossed. Crossed? Where did I hear that? Some show, I guess.

Oh, here comes Ralph. He's smiling, sort of. She's waving good-by to him. And he's looking right at me and not seeing me. Damn her! Damn—

THERE'S that horrible little person over there. What *did* Ralph see in her? Common, that's what. Well, she is, too. No background. No breeding. And her dress is too tight. It's a frightful thing—awfully Broadway. With Ralph's taste, I can't understand it. Why, here comes Ralph! This way. Hope I'm looking well. *Why* didn't I listen to Marie about those little French cakes? And the massage! Oh, well. This is a good dress. That little snip. She's watching. "Oh, hello, Ralph. Nice to see you. I've been here and there. Europe in the spring, of course." There, wonder how he likes that? We went to Europe together.



MARGUERITE ROBERTS

born in Nebraska, cherished an early ambition to be a lady bronco buster. She migrated to California, became employed at Fox Film Studio, sold them a story, and has been at it ever since.

On my money. He's too good-looking—that's his trouble. He was a worry. "What was that, Ralph? Oh, yes, mother is well." *That* wasn't too subtle of him. They hated each other—Ralph and mother. That was one of the things that did it, I guess. Why was I such a fool? Why didn't I keep him anyway? I've got enough money—and he is good-looking—thrilling. Stubborn, though. Always wanted to work. On his own. Silly. I had enough. And I never talked about it, either. Well, not very often I didn't. That little tramp is still watching. Well, Miss Scandals of 1930, watch this. And I hope it hurts. I hope we look like we are enjoying ourselves. I am. "Oh, yes, Ralph, I've had a run of luck. Why don't you ride along with me? The dice won't say no to me. Might change your luck."

I hope he gets that—he looks like he needs a change. I'd like to slap that girl. Yes, I would. She has lines, though. Well, I'm not much overweight. Those charts don't *mean* anything. Diet will fix it. Diet and massage. And my feet are aristocratic. Ralph liked my feet. I'll wager she doesn't wear as small a size as I do. Aha, I've got her there.

"Oh, must you go, Ralph? It's been so nice seeing you." I'll wave. That will annoy that little cheap, common, scheming—My feet hurt. New shoes. One of the principles of taste—shoes must always look new. *Hers* are probably run over at the heel. Her boudoir slippers.

There, he's joining her now. What can he see in her? What if she is slim? I could be, too, if I wanted to starve myself and make myself all stringy with exercises and things. That's a terrible dress. I believe that Ralph was embarrassed. I hope he is ashamed of *her*, too. My feet hurt—new shoes—But, oh, darling—*darling!*—I want you back!

OH, my God, there's Elsie! Hell fire, we would run into her! Ought to have had sense enough to stay out of here. Well, what to do? Greetings and salutations, I guess. Must be civilized. She's a little bulgy, seems to me.

Wonder if Betty will notice if I amble over to Elsie's table. I really ought to. I'll take a chance. "Hello, Elsie. Any luck?" She's dripping diamonds, as usual. *Pulenty* of potatoes. That was nice—having money. "Europe? No, I haven't had the time this year. Market. You know." Of course you know. That was one of your troubles—you had money and I'll be damned if you could forget it, or let anybody else. Betty will give me hell for talking to Elsie. She's looking. She's sweet—but sometimes—It was nice—having all that money to play with. Why are women jealous, anyway? "What's that, Elsie? Oh, rather—we've been living in town this summer—closer to the office. You're looking well, Elsie—smart as ever. Well, good-by."

Look at Betty glare. Poor kid. Why can't women combine everything? If I'd been smart I might have worked it so neither of them would have ever known about the other. But I had to have romance! A man's a fool.

THE END

Talent in the Raw

A Survey of Things that Make or Break the Baseball Rookie—
and a Look Ahead for 1935

by BENNY FRIEDMAN

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

A FEW years ago a hopeful boy bummed his way to Florida and the Giants' training camp, cornered John McGraw, and begged for a chance to show his stuff.

"In what position do you play?" asked McGraw.

The youngster placed his hands on his knees and spread his legs. "Why, I usually play in this position," he said.

It would be pleasant to report that McGraw gave the boy his chance anyway, and that despite his naïveté he became one of baseball's great stars. Unfortunately, such was not the case. The boy hung around a few days to watch the Giants at practice, and then, discouraged, disappeared into the oblivion he came from.

Baseball, becoming more and more stabilized every year, has turned almost completely from the stories of the brilliant find uncovered at training camp. Occasionally boys like that one walk or hitch their way to the training camps in the South. Sometimes the manager lets them work out a few days and then sends them packing. More often they don't even get that much of a chance.

For one thing is certain. No one ever came from nowhere and made a name for himself in the big leagues right off the bat.

Luck, guts, mental attitude, not to mention talent, all play their parts in the making or breaking of the rookie.



DEAN



HAYES

Some come with the advantage (or maybe it's a disadvantage) of fanfare of trumpets before them. Many come unheralded—and reach the majors. Some, with all the qualities of big-leaguers in the making, never do rise out of the Class B circuits. And some reach the peak but can't stay there.

The mental attitude the rookie brings to bear in his fight for a place in the sun is, without any doubt, one

of the most important factors.

All the newcomers want to succeed. The methods they adopt, however, vary. There is the cocky lad, like the now departed (from major-league baseball) Arthur Shires. The current shining example is the famed Dizzy Dean. The stories of Dean's quaint doings, in action and in quietude, are legion. They vary from the sublime to the ridiculous. But all critics are agreed that baseball needs more men like Dean, men with showmanship.

Gabby Hartnett, the catcher who used to call 'em way before the umpire; Rabbit Maranville and his breath-taking fielding; Babe Ruth, of course; Dick Bartell, Brooklyn's pet hate; Mickey Cochrane, the fighting Irishman from South Boston—all these made and make baseball fascinating. Their showmanship brought the customers through the turnstiles.

There is the opposite type—the quiet conscientious youngster, the kind Joe Sewell of the Indians was and



BROACA



BIRKOFER



DAVIS



CAMILLI

Arme
photos



TROSKY

Paul Waner of the Pirates is. Sewell came straight from the University of Alabama to the Cleveland Indians and, with his mind entirely on the work in hand, made good almost immediately. He was a trifle lucky. He stepped into the position left vacant by the death of Ray Chapman, who was hit on the head by a pitched ball thrown by Carl Mays at the Polo Grounds in 1920. The Indians won the pennant and the World

Series that year. But there is no doubt that Sewell would have made good anyway, albeit in a little more time.

These men come to the majors with the courage of their convictions. Hank Greenberg, the Tigers' first baseman, had a chance to go with the Yankees. But he knew they were well fortified at first base, what with Lou Gehrig on the job. The young New Yorker knew that he might never get his chance with the Yanks. So, when an offer came from Detroit he accepted it, even though it meant less money, meant playing with a second-division club (at that time) and away from the home town.

Mickey Cochrane saw the boy's potentialities and played ball with him. Greenberg didn't hit his stride immediately. He was over-anxious. In fact, when he comes to New York to play before the home folks he still is tied up and strained. Yet he made good, and with a reverberating crash. Today the argument that he is the best first baseman in the league has foundation, even though Gehrig and Jimmy Foxx, among others, are still in there pounding the ball.

THERE is the third type of rookie—the night-life kid. And there are plenty of them, too, youngsters who lose their heads too, too easily. It was said of Joe Shaute, the pitcher, that his chief hindrance to making good, outside of enemy batsmen, was his good looks. He was a ladies' man.

There really is little talent in the raw that the major leagues, with their avid quest for it, miss. Far-flung "farm" systems, scouts in every section, newspaper reporters, old-timers with the interest of the old team still burning brightly, all lend hands in the mining of the ore. Just how well the ore is refined and turned to profit is, of course, another question.

It is true that in some cases likely material is passed up by one team which had the first crack and is capitalized by another. Witness Chuck Klein, the slugger who led the National League in homers in 1933 and who has been one of the most consistent hitters of recent years.

Klein was playing with Fort Wayne, in the Texas

League, in 1928. News of his slugging reached the ears of Ed Barrow, Yankee business manager.

"Look at this Klein fellow with Fort Wayne," Barrow wired the Yankee scout in that section.

In a short time the report came back:

"Klein is nothing but a bum. Forget him."

Barrow forgot for a time. But Klein kept on hitting the ball. Barrow sent a second request for a report on him, and a third—this last one to another scout.

Each time the report was: "Klein is just a bum."

Soon afterward the Phillies grabbed Klein for \$7,500. In 1933 they sold him to the Cubs for \$100,000.

There are similar stories. Wilcy Moore, the old Yankee pitcher, could have come to the Giants in exchange for a debt of \$2,000. But McGraw demanded the cash instead and Moore went with the Yanks. And John Watson, of good old Southern stock, refused to consider a bid from a team known as Yankees.



MURPHY

HE went so far as to put on a well timed act for the edification of the scout sent to watch him, taking off his shoes after three innings, putting them under his arm, and marching off the field that way.

"This guy's nuts," the scout reported.

Which was exactly what Watson wanted him to believe.

The 1934 season saw an unusually large number of rookies break into first-string positions with every possibility that they will stay there. There were more star pitchers among them than in any other year of recent history. Paul Dean of the Cardinals, Ralph Birkofer of the Pirates, Curt Davis of the Phillies, Johnny Murphy

and Johnny Broaca of the Yankees, and Buck Newsom of the Browns are just a few. Among them, these six pitchers won ninety-one games, almost enough to win a pennant, a record which for newcomers is outstanding.

The best of them all, of course, was Paul Dean. Paul won eighteen games and lost eleven, one of the ranking performances in the National League during 1934. His no-run no-hit performance against Brooklyn will go down as a high light of major-league history.

Murphy and Broaca broke into professional baseball straight from college, the former from Fordham, the latter from Yale. Murphy was shifted around considerably, traveling from Albany to St. Paul to Newark, before he found his niche with the Yankees. He started with New York as a relief pitcher, and got his chance when Johnny Allen developed a sore arm. He won fourteen games. Broaca, also a recruit from the Bears, won twelve and



BEJMA



TRAVIS



NEWSOM



BONURA



LAVAGETTO



FREY

pitched a one-hit shutout against the Browns.

While Murphy was still at Fordham, Jack Coffey, his coach, had him earmarked for either the Cards or Reds and had so written those clubs—neglecting, however, to tell Murphy of it. (Coffey has had many sad experiences with members of his teams who have been bitten by the major-league bug while still in college.) When Murphy was through at school, representatives of both clubs arrived to talk business. Murphy, extremely surprised, told them he had signed with the Yankees. And was the genial Mr. Coffey embarrassed!

The Pacific Coast League has been, year in and year out, the greatest single breeding ground of baseball ivory. At least three of the best rookies that the 1934 season produced came originally from that Far West circuit: Curt Davis, the long lank Phillies' pitcher; Harry A. (Cookie) Lavagetto, Pirates' second baseman; and Adolph Camilli, also of the Phillies. And Davis and two other outstanding first-year pitchers of 1934—Birkofer and Newsom—are not callow youths, either.

Next to pitchers the 1934 crop of raw talent has run strongly to first basemen. The American League developed two of them, Hal Trosky of the Indians and Zeke Bonura of the White Sox; while Camilli upheld the traditions of the older circuit.

Trosky was the leading rookie hitter of the year. Exceptionally big and husky (he weighs 202 and stands six feet two inches), this twenty-three-year-old youngster played in every one of the 154 games, smacked the ball for a percentage of .331, and drove in 144 runs. Young Harold Arthur has been a cause for grief to opposing pitchers wherever he has played. With Toledo in 1933 he batted .323 in 132 games, but that was enough to make him one of the most feared sluggers in the American Association. Incidentally, he started his baseball career as a pitcher.

BONURA is one of those men who have made good in their second time up. He was football, baseball, basketball, and track captain of St. Stanislaus College, New Orleans, and once held the American javelin-throw record. New Orleans sold him to Cleveland in 1930; but he was sent back to Dallas as being too awkward! The White Sox bought him for \$7,500 and probably could sell him for many times that amount.

There are others—Walter Travis of the Senators, the second-best rookie batsman in both leagues (.318); Lavagetto, whose mother objected to his playing baseball, but who won her over; Mike Haslin, Phillies' third baseman; Lonnie Frey of Brooklyn, and Aloysius Bejma of the Browns, shortstops; George (Tut) Stainback of the Cubs, Julius Solters of the Red Sox, Ray Pepper of the Browns, outfielders; and Bill Delaney of the Cards, and Frank Hayes of the Athletics, catchers.

These are the boys who made good. But what of the perpetual rookies, some of them no longer boys, who once were hailed as another Babe Ruth, another Walter Johnson?

There is Frank Shellenback, still plodding along with Hollywood, and through no fault of his own, either. It seems that Shellenback is a spitballer, and spitballing is barred in the major leagues now—except, of course, for those already in. There have been sporadic attempts to waive the rule especially for this veteran. So far none has been successful.

There is the famous case of Joe Hauser, who has had several major-league tryouts. Joe is a slugger. With Minneapolis a few years ago he hit over sixty homers, one more than Babe Ruth's all-time record. But Joe is still with Minneapolis, or was when last heard from. The Pirates, the Tigers, and others sent him back, presumably because he once broke his knee. But Hauser still goes on pounding the ball when he gets back to the American Association.

THERE was Herman Pillette, ten years ago hailed by the Tigers as another Walter Johnson. There were George Quelling, the International League slugger who was given a trial with Detroit; Ike Boone; Bevo Le Bourbeau. All have had their chances, all were expected to be stars.

Some of them may come back. As a rule the disheartened rookie never does. There have been a few who did, however. Carl Hubbell started with Oklahoma City and was purchased by Detroit. The Tigers sent him to Toronto; then he went back to Decatur, then to Beaumont. The Giants picked him up and developed his now famous "screw ball."

John (Blondy) Ryan may not be a great ballplayer. He has been shifted around so much—from Holy Cross College to the White Sox to Atlanta to Buffalo to the Giants—that he probably has lost his sense of balance. But Ryan is one of those fighting ballplayers who can inspire their teammates. His famous sickbed message, "They cannot beat us," undoubtedly helped the Giants to win the 1933 pennant race.

Wesley Ferrell of the Red Sox; Huck Betts of the Braves; Hack Wilson, Frank O'Doul, Jack Rothrock, of the Cards; Joe Moore of the Giants; Len Koenecke; Frank Doljack and Bill Rogell of the Tigers—these and others have come back to show that they did have the stuff.

Another season is in the offing. The trade winds have blown and the draft has brought in new players. Some are going to make good, of course. Louis Di Maggio, the new Yankee recruit from the Coast; Rudy York, the full-fledged Cherokee Indian who will join the Tigers; Fay Thomas, the pitcher who has been up four or five times already but will try again; Terry Moore—these are newcomers who will be in the headlines early in the 1935 season.

THE END

MILLIONS WONDER WHY
OLD MR. BOSTON
GIN TASTES SO
MUCH BETTER
THAN OTHERS.
HERE'S THE REASON



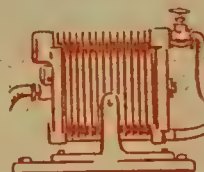
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HARRY
FISK

PASSPORT

READING TIME
13 MINUTES 36 SECONDS

PART EIGHT—A NIGHT OF TERROR

SUDDENLY a great whip seemed to crack at the far end of the Ronda, and flame points leaped from the upper windows of Sweeney's as the Thompkinses that

covered the bridgehead commenced to chatter in chorus.

Something had broken the tension and the Urfa troops were coming in like wolves. It must have been pure hell in the native quarter. Women and children began to

Escape . . . False Hopes . . . New Peril! . . . Now Comes the Tense



I could see Hambro
bending over the gun
—firing into the mob.

by JAMES
WARNER
BELLAH

TO HELL

ILLUSTRATION BY
HARRY T. FISK

run through from the lower side streets, shrieking and calling upon Allah.

Hambro came dashing down the outside steps.

"Meet me in front!" he yelled, and tore in the back

door. When Alayne and I got around to him, with Coney Island and the waiter carrying Phil, he was across the street, with a machine gun on his shoulder.

We scooted across the Ronda and up the cross street

Climax in This Stirring Tale of Romance and a Strange, Mad Adventure

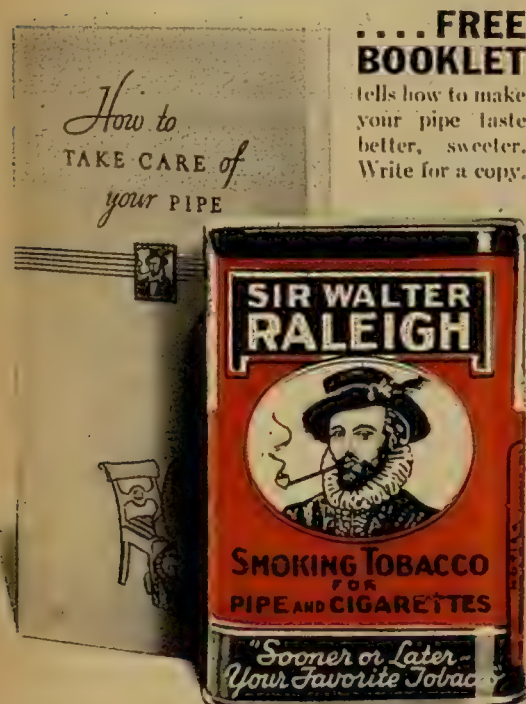
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that ran along beside the fence of Ah Wing's junk yard. Straight on we went until the pavement ended in the flats that led down to the foreshore. Then we turned right and started for the sea wall and the pier.

Our only hope lay in getting to the boat before the troops came around the sea wall to get into Sweeney's from the back.

The rifle fire opened again from the outskirts behind, and a streak of flame shot upward from the native quarter. We stopped suddenly with our hearts in our throats; for a line of scattered figures, thrown into relief by the flames from the native quarter, were running in single file along the sea wall, cutting us off from the pier and coming up toward Sweeney's. We

for here this time to get cover—they think I'm still over there in the street. All right—get that engine going, unless you want to stay all night! I've got to get back to the king."

He leaned over the gun, sighting it. The cross street beside Sweeney's was alive with men pouring through and coming across the flats toward us.

A minute—perhaps two—we had, with luck and a long-handled spoon. The sea wall was alive with men sprinting silently and furiously toward the pier gate, and the crowd in the street beside Sweeney's spread out under the fire from the upper windows and bore down to meet them.

A puff of hot wind caught me full in the face—wind filled with dust and splinters from the pier dock. Behind,

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

THE scene is Telik, capital of a tiny Oriental country, hotbed of international outlawry. John Sargent, New York advertising man, is trapped there when his passport is stolen. At the Royal and Chaldean Hotel he sees Alayne Greystone; then joins with her brother, Phil, a fugitive from American justice, Douglas Hambro, an English outcast, Doc Gerrity, a gunrunner, and Joe, a bartender, in defending a gusher against cutthroats from Sweeney's Hotel.

Gerrity kills Bill Frome, leader of the mob, and Frome's woman stabs Phil. Old King Furd, who ruled Telik under an English protectorate, dies, and Hambro, to maintain the protectorate, proclaims Furd's small son king under a regency, with himself as premier. Sweeney's ruffians attack to get the boy, but Gerrity produces machine guns and the mob is repulsed.

Greystone's wound becomes infected.

Sargent gets an English army surgeon; but Phil, who is delirious, shoots the medico. Fearing English intervention, Alayne and Sargent plan to spirit Phil away. Meantime Gilder and Morison, agents of rival oil companies, appear.

Hambro finds Gerrity and Joe conspiring to sell out to Gilder, and expels the agent. Gunplay follows, in which Joe and Doc are shot. Then Sidi and Adgidi, native leaders, bring news that soldiers of Urfa, an adjoining country, are attacking. Hambro has just read in a newspaper that his father, Lord Brefny, has died in England, leaving him sole heir to a title and fortune if he makes himself known. But he knows now that Alayne, whom he loves, has given her heart to Sargent, and so he elects to lead Telik's pitiful little army in the fight against Urfa. He orders Alayne and Sargent to take Phil to a boat and make a dash for safety.

dropped flat, with Phil between us, just as a Thompkins opened fire from a corner of Sweeney's back fence, and the figures commenced to sprawl headlong.

Hambro's laugh rang out. He had gotten ahead of us in the darkness and cut off the counterattack.

"Come on!" he roared. "Cut straight across and we'll push up to the sea wall."

He whipped the gun around suddenly and popped off a burst of twenty at something else he saw. Then he heaved it up on his shoulder and started for the wall. My breath rattled in my throat with the exertion, and Alayne was sobbing violently in an effort to breathe at all. Phil just grunted now and then.

When we got to the pier entrance, Hambro came up and planked his gun down in the gateway.

"Splendid!" he said. "The whole thing would be over if those precious fools could only see each other. Sidi and the corporal will hold Sweeney's until hell's frozen a foot deep." He rammed home a fresh clip and sat down on the bicycle seat. "They'll be coming along again presently." He pointed toward the bridge and chuckled to himself. "They'll make

the flames that licked into the native quarter mounted into the night sky.

There was a muffled howl presently in the air above us—a howl that seemed to echo from far out in the desert. There is no word to describe the first beginnings of those desert storms. They rush down upon you like the baying of a pack in full cry; then they flood over and seem to draw you up into them, until your nerves scream back in an agony born of madness. The sluggish creek waters below, turned to a fish-belly white in a second, scourged by the frenzy of the wind and the night, seemed to close in blacker than the pit when the flames, released for a brief moment from invisible hands, spread flat and roared like a whipped yellow scarf across the roof tops. Then a piercing whistle cut through the howl, and Hambro's gun commenced to fire in long blasts.

The pier was heaving and shaking as if it were striding away with us on its back in great clumsy lopes. I caught the girl's wrists and pulled her down flat on the boarding. Coney Island and the waiter were gone. Phil lay quietly on his ladder.

Perhaps it was the creek banks that saved us from annihilation that night

—perhaps it was the frail rampart of the town behind; or the fact that the storm center passed far inland of Telik.

The air presently was tearing at us to flay us into the churning waters below—hammering us with the cruel sharpness of stones and the filth of the Telik streets. And all the time that infernal howl rang above us. I lay with my left hand clamped to Alayne's wrist in a butcher's grip, and my right arm over Phil's shoulders. My head, jammed against the facing beam, was turned toward shore.

When Hambro opened fire, the light flashes of the Thompkins stabbed out toward the town; then they turned slowly in an arc, foreshortening as he followed those poor devils around until I could see nothing but a snapping pin point. The attacking party, with the creek on their flank, with fire fore and aft and the storm overhead, had turned to the left and were streaking toward the foreshore and the open water.

We lay there for perhaps a minute, stunned and lifeless; then slowly Alayne and I crawled to our knees and hung on to each other, coughing and sputtering. Phil lay so still that for a moment I thought a stray shot or a stone had struck him. I felt for his face, and my hand touched the sling that clewed his right arm across his chest. It was damp and soggy. Once more the flames from the native quarter leaped straight upward into the suddenly light sky, gilding the line of the sea wall with rippling fire and etching in the torn skeletons of roofless houses.

Hambro's shout cut into our ears: "All right down there?" And we saw him running along the pier, the gun on his shoulder. "It's a toss-up, my hearties," he cackled, "whether they believe their god caused the storm or ours did. That's the way it is with wars. Hop down, Sargent, and start the engine."

THE boat was still there at its frayed rope end. I turned over the flywheel and got a cough out of the antiquated engine, but it choked out.

I could hear some one on the ladder above me as I sweated—some one coming down slowly and carefully. Hambro it was, with Phil slung over his shoulder and Alayne following him.

"Come on! Get that engine started."

Hambro stumbled aft and pushed me out of the way. He tugged and jerked at the wheel himself, snapping it around, cursing and sweating, and snapping it again.

Then as he leaned over it the fourth time to get a purchase, the sea wall to the right burst into a ragged line of yellow flame, and the crack of small arms firing split the air.

"It was their god!" Hambro yelled. "They want some more!" He vaulted the engine and started up the ladder.

"Cast off—get that engine started! For God's sake, get out of here, will you?" He took the girl's hands in both of his.

"Good-by, Alayne, and God bless you!"

She said, "Douglass—you're not going back into that! This is the sensible thing—come with us."

He laughed. "No—not I," he said. "Take care of her, Sargent. Luck to you, Phil." And he sprang up the ladder once more.

I turned the flywheel frantically again while Alayne struggled with the water-soaked knots of the mooring rope. Again the engine coughed and went dead—and again that ragged streak of flame broke out along the sea wall between the pier and the old harbor pilot's house at the end. I had some vague notion of paddling the boat across the creek with our hands, beaching it, and taking cover in the foundations of the lighthouse. But, as you do in those moments, I kept on twirling that benighted wheel, saying things to God and sundry, and sweating like a hog.

"Straight out," Hambro was yelling from the top of the ladder, "between the breakwaters. Over you go, and the best of luck! You've got about thirty seconds."

ALAYNE had the ropes cast off and had shoved us out as far as she could. I saw the pier top now. Hambro's gun was set up halfway down toward the end of the pier, and he was standing beside it. He shouted, but a volley of rifle fire cut off his words.

He straddled the gun as we wallowed sluggishly in the creek current. He waved and then, cupping his hands to his mouth, he roared:

"*Floreat Etona!*" And his voice still rang with laughter as the echo of it danced across the waters.

And at that moment the motor barked into sudden life. I jumped back from the flywheel, threw in the clutch and grabbed the tiller, heading us for the open space between the pilot's house and the foundation of the light.

About thirty yards separated us from the pilings by this time.

Looking back, I could see Hambro bending over the gun—firing into the mob at the gate. But they'd had enough from that source and needed no more lessons evidently, for they broke at once and went back the way they had come—flanking us but not knowing it yet, for the firing had drowned out the bluster of our popping engine.

But suddenly they did know it. In their minds I suppose we were just some one getting away—some one they must stop; or perhaps we were merely a noise that meant danger. Maybe they thought we were trying to cut them off. At any rate they stopped long enough to give us a torn volley on sound ranging—a volley that struck short of us or whined harmlessly overhead.

Perhaps the sound of the engine made them keep on, or perhaps it was Hambro's gun behind.

I threw the tiller hard astarboard to bring us as near to the opposite side and as far out of range as possible.



WHEN MY HEAD IS STUFFED UP

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"Get down, John!" Alayne tugged at my arm.

High above us to starboard we could see those men running, bearing down along the paved top of the sea wall. They had passed the pilot's house, scrambling and crawling around the balcony that hung over the water, sprinting out to the end. Suddenly their scraggy forms were outlined against the lightening sky, tall and threatening above us like great scarecrows draped in fezzes and sarongs. Their rifles snapped up and flame beat into our faces.

When you are hit, there is no local consciousness of pain until minutes afterward. It is as if you have been struck a crashing blow unexpectedly, and you go down under it feeling the lesser hurts of torn flesh and barked shins, trying frantically to fight back into strength against a vicious drag that hangs on to you without mercy. There is a moment before instinct tries desperately to get you up again on your feet—to get you doubled and ready to meet a second blow. It is strong enough sometimes to bring dying men practically upstanding once more before the last sputter of life quite flickers out. It brought me half up, with my elbows hooked over the gunwale behind me, before I knew what it was that had happened.

I remember very little after that in sequence. I think the troops on the wall fired at us twice again, but that may simply have been my own memory repeating the picture of that first flash whenever I closed my eyes. Alayne was at the tiller herself now, trying desperately to jockey us out of the harbor mouth—calling Phil and myself by name. She kept on calling, "John—Phil! Oh, no!"

The next thing I realized was that there was no blood in my mouth; and from that moment I ceased to die just as automatically as I had begun to die. Uncanny thing—the mind!

There was motion presently—a long even roll of the footboards, lulling and soothing. We were outside the harbor, headed for somewhere.

"John—" She was over me, steering from the tiller ropes and groping for my face with her free hand.

And again I don't remember. . . .

There is a gray veil of light draped above the gunwales like face pallor under grime, and the silent motor is dripping oil into the water that

swishes under the footboards with the boat's lurching. Alayne, with her blouse torn at the shoulder and her hair streaming back from her face, is calling to some one. There is a coat under my head, and the pain is no longer hot but raw and like a bruise.

Then there is a thump, and shouts. Faces come into view against the overhead light, faces stubbed with beard growth. And there is a smell of hot sump oil and boiled rice. The launch perhaps that brought me ashore in Bengan. Heavy feet pound and scratch against cindery decks. Legs in wrinkled dungarees—bare brown legs curiously thin and gray-scabbed at the ankles—step down toward us. Phil Greystone's voice gibbering one of the thousand pidgin languages of the world with the curt authority white men's tongues stab into the words.

"Easy—damn you!"

ALAYNE holding my hand as the gunwales come down to meet me, sink below and open out to a gray mat of sluggish sea, a portion of rail and a long expanse of foul deck.

The blankets of the bunk they put me on smelt of dried biscuits, pipe juice, and many nights of gin stupors behind closed ports.

They talked about me endlessly in low whispers; and Alayne, drawn and tired, brushed back her hair continually and looked at the clock upon the bulkhead.

"We've been picked up, John—it's a trawler taking us in to Ispallah to get a doctor." She sat down on a stool beside me, nursing my fingers.

It seemed only a minute later that the whole scene changed. The throb of the trawler's engine was still, and bright sunshine brazed the filthy port glasses. The wide-open cabin door was choked with fezzed heads squinting at us over the black muzzles of rifles and a bristle of long French bayonets.

They escaped the leaden hail of death which pursued them across the murky bay. But what is the meaning of these fezzed heads, rifles, and bayonets? Are Alayne, her brother, and Sargent in an even more perilous trap? Guess at what happens before you read the concluding installment of this thrilling and colorful serial next week.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 41

- 1—Manhattan Island.
- 2—An instrument for measuring the vital capacity of the lungs.
- 3—Coral.
- 4—Fifty-four.
- 5—John Paul.
- 6—Some women property owners voted from 1691 to 1780.
- 7—Earl of Chesterfield: Letter, March 10, 1746.
- 8—It was opened in Philadelphia in 1765.
- 9—November 16, 1885.
- 10—*Cantharidae*.
- 11—The sun-dried meat of the southwest United States.
- 12—The late Ira O. Biffle, mail pilot.

- 13—March 29, 1929.
- 14—Because they are a head (or poll) tax levied equally upon all citizens of a given age, sex, or group.
- 15—Woodrow Wilson, photographed in England with King George V.
- 16—No.
- 17—Place of drunkenness; from the Indian *Manna-ha-ta*.
- 18—About 70,000.
- 19—The process by which petroleum hydrocarbons are broken up by heat and pressure into lighter hydrocarbons.
- 20—William Makepeace Thackeray wrote *The Virginians* (1857-59), and Owen Wister wrote *The Virginian* (1902).

TO THE LADIES!

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, FRIEND OF THE FAMOUS IN EUROPE, AND DESCENDANT OF THE FIRST CZAR OF RUSSIA

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

IN juvenile court the mother of a wayward boy was asked what intelligence quotient his school had given him. "What's his I. Q.?" was the question. The mother replied indignantly:

"My boy has nothing of the kind! It's those kids with the *eye kews* that make all the trouble!"

Henrietta Additon told me this story from her own experience to show how little some parents understand the efforts being made to classify children for social welfare and crime prevention. Miss Additon is a specialist on the subject of junior wrongdoing. Every year during her work as a deputy police commissioner in New York, she compiled the case histories of more than ten thousand young law-breakers.

"It is a mistake," she says, "to think that children arrested in the slums are our only junior recruits on their way toward crime and the underworld. Plenty of children from rich or well-to-do homes are just as dangerously inclined, but they seldom reach the public courts. Their parents tuck them away in disciplinarian boarding schools."

Quarrelsome family life, failure of parents and teachers to realize every child's need of some adventurous activity, lack of affection—Miss Additon thinks these are the principal causes why young people go astray. (She believes that many of the girls who become prostitutes are in reality seeking affection as well as money.)

She adds her conviction that among children of the very poor, poverty itself is of course an open door to crime.

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO employs a private goldsmith who works exclusively for him. On his picturesque estate the Italian author tries to live exactly as rich men lived in medieval times. People whom he invites to visit him there get souvenir gifts of jewelry made by his private goldsmith. Isn't *that* the height of hat!

THE Lawrence Tibbetts gave a reception. The rooms were packed with celebrities. At the entrance stood a butler announcing the names of the guests as they arrived. The butler had a voice of large volume and dignity. He was a fine guest-announcer.

Along came two guests—man and wife—who are not a bit famous in the front-page way. He is by profession a designer of submarines, by temperament an artist at staging sardonic little jokes for his own mirth.

"Name, please?" the butler demanded of him.

Now this gentleman had observed that it would be very difficult to reach his host and hostess in the great crush



of notables. Therefore he undertook a strategy. To the butler he whispered quietly (so quietly that his wife didn't even hear him):

"Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Junior."

The butler jumped. The submarine man retained a poker-face composure. Impressively the butler boomed out, "Mr. and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Junior."

Immediate hush! Heads turned! Necks craned! But no Rockefellers appeared! In the resulting confusion our submarine man took his wife by the arm and they slipped unobtrusively past all the famous people—reached Jennie and Lawrence Tibbett—paid their respects.

Nobody ever found out who caused the Rockefeller uproar.

DO you recall the broad silk bows we wore in our hair and on our shoes in the old Gibson Girl days? I am glad to see that Gibson Girl shoe ribbons are now back in style. Wide butterfly bows! They'll look nice with our summer dresses.

SCIENTISTS who specialize in studying our habits—to find out what ails us—have been leaning lately toward the theory that we cannot make up for a night of work or wildness just by sleeping all the next day. Their investigation appears to show that we really need about two weeks of regular hours in order to get back the vitality we lose through one sleepless night. If this is accurate it would seem to mean that none of us can afford more than two *big nights* per month without running up a shortage of energy.

PERHAPS remembering the last war vividly may help us to avoid war in the future. For this reason I think we all should read war books from time to time. A new and stirring one is *Heaven High—Hell Deep*, by Norman Archibald. Fine human document of youth in the American air force—and German prison camps. (Published by Albert and Charles Boni, Inc.)

LONDON hostesses now serve this new lunch or supper dish combining shrimps and leeks. I hear they call it *Shrimp Salad à la Wales*. It is unusual—and very good.

Trim 6 fat green leeks to equal length, cook 5 minutes in boiling water with salt, drain well, split open lengthwise. Put 1½ cups cooked shrimps through chopping machine, then pound to paste in mortar with yolks of 2 hard-boiled eggs. Add salt, black pepper, chopped parsley, and a little mayonnaise to bind. Pile shrimp paste on leeks, mask with green-tinted mayonnaise, chill for 2 or 3 hours, and serve.



HENRIETTA
ADDITON

"CRIME BEGINS AT HOME"

PORTLAND, ORE.—Bernarr Macfadden's editorial, *Damning Record of Youthful Criminals! Who Is to Blame?* (in January 12 Liberty) was a correct résumé of the primal cause of our country's lawless young men and young women. Crime begins at home, originating from a parental weakness and a misconception of duty toward the child. This same parental influence has broken down the semblance of discipline in our schools, and established in many students a total disregard and disrespect for the rights of others and the law of the land.

Wet-eyed mothers and grim-faced fathers will continue to visit their "sweet babies" in our jails and penitentiaries, and now and then see them hanged or electrocuted, until in some mysterious way they acquire sufficient common sense to again take over control of these children and give them a decent chance for a successful life through reasonable discipline in the home. Our present generation offers ample proof of the maxim, Spare the rod and spoil the child.—*G. E. Walling, American Educational and Entertainment Tours.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Recently a movie showed a scene of a battle between police and gangsters in which several were killed. The audience was composed largely of children, and the cheering, yelling, and stamping of feet by those youngsters was terrific. No wonder the average age of our criminals is nineteen!

A barber told me recently that children who came to his shop were highly nervous and could not sit still.—*A Civil War Veteran.*

WINTER HAVEN, FLA.—Bernarr Macfadden's editorial, *Business Owners Should Not Be "Yes" Men* (in January 5 Liberty) was to the point. For a year and a half we have paid an extra tax of \$1.38 per barrel for the twenty-five barrels of flour we use each week. Almost everything else we use has increased in price, some materials as much as three times that of former costs.

We know that for real prosperity things should advance; but our problem is to pay the advanced prices and still sell our bread at a proportionately advanced retail price.—*J. D. Rieker, Rieker's Bakery.*

THANK HEAVENS HE'S NOT A FRENCHMAN

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—If I were a Frenchman, I would come all the way to New York just to kiss you for the cover on January 19 Liberty. Our old man Sam looked great!

Please thank Parke Hanley for his short short, And Romance Fifty Miles Away—his American characters in an American story on American soil.—*Johnny J. Jones.*

MORGAN GOT GYPED

WILMORE, KY.—Living in the world's greatest tobacco country, I could not avoid wondering about those dollar cigars mentioned in Walter Winchell's

article, *Portrait of a New Yorker* (January 12 Liberty).

We Kentuckians hold an esteem for the weed not to be found elsewhere in the world, and a good cigar is something to write a sonnet about. But when Mr. Winchell mentions cigars that cost a dollar, all I can say is that C. B. Dillingham and J. P. Morgan got gypped, and gypped plenty. Ain't no 'baccy worth that much.—*H. George Null.*

BUZZARD FLEW; HOUSE COLLAPSED

OCEANLAKE, ORE.—Here's an actual happening which proves the answer to the bird in the glass-box problem in January 12 Liberty: Because of the depression we built a cheaply constructed house, then discovered it would collapse if an additional twenty-five pounds were placed on the roof.

We were not particularly worried about this, since we thought no weight would be added from above. But one day a thirty-pound turkey buzzard flew low over the house, and the column of air forced down on the roof by the weight of its body caused our house to collapse.—*David S. Dewey.*

BACKGROUND WELCOME

CHICAGO, ILL.—The World Menace of the Saar, by Colonel Edward M. House, in January 19 Liberty, was most enlightening. Many of us find ourselves bewildered by national and international affairs, and any comprehensible background of any present issue is welcome.—*Helen Rothrock Shanks.*

EMPTY HONOR

NEW YORK, N. Y.—A British or Colonial soldier or sailor who performs an act of meritorious service on or beyond the call of duty may be awarded a Victoria Cross, which carries with it until his death a pension of from fifty to two hundred and fifty dollars a year, and provision is made for his widow and children.

The letters V. C. are placed after his name, and that cross rates a salute from all military or naval men—even the field marshal and the admiral. In the service it is a great help in promotion; in civil life the British employer is proud to employ a person so highly honored.

In the United States the Congressional Medal of Honor is awarded for the same reason as the Victoria Cross. Of late years a C. M. H. man receives five dollars a month for the medal while he remains in the service. The government does not authorize him to use the letters C. M. H. after his name, so that the only one that knows he has it is the paymaster or paymaster's clerk.

There is not one officer out of a hundred in the army or navy that could identify a Medal-of-Honor holder. In civil life he can put his medal in a trunk, and if he lives to be sixty-five years of age he can make application and will receive a pension of ten dollars a month. But his chance of reaching sixty-five is not so good, as the death rate of Medal-of-Honor men is high, considering there are only about one hundred and fifteen living at present.

If this small band of distinguished

Vox

men were to receive a pension of fifty dollars a month regardless of age, it would not be a great drain on the Treasury; and would help to keep some of these men out of the bread line or city relief and make them feel that the country can take care of those who made history but now are forgotten by the richest country in the world—a country that could easily afford to give its heroes something real instead of a very empty honor.—*John Killackey, Night Manager, the Waldorf-Astoria.*

CAT MYSTERY

DETROIT, MICH.—After reading Paul Annixter's grand story, *Goliath*, in December 15 Liberty, I must tell you about my cat.

He disappeared the night before my wedding, and I loved him so much that it threw a considerable gloom over the festivities. Poor Bill felt almost as bad as I did. But after the wedding, when we went to our new home, there was the cat. Now how do you suppose he knew?—*Mildred B. Petz.*

TOO MUCH SPANKING

FOND DU LAC, WIS.—As Dr. George C. Jones of Charlotte, North Carolina, so truthfully wrote in January 5 Vox Pop, any father who will stoop to whip his daughter with apparent self-satisfaction is known by an ugly name. Entirely too much of this type of so-called spanking is going on, and prison is the only place for such a father.—*Nora B. Keys, retired R. N.*

SHE EVEN SHOUTED

WILKES-BARRE, PA.—The one point I relished most in H. L. Mencken's superlative masterpiece, *How to Drink Like a Gentleman* (January 12 Liberty), was his description of school-teachers, to wit:

"They are, as a class, extremely stupid persons, and seldom find out anything until the rest of us have begun to forget it."

I have ten relatives teaching school for whom I hold the fondest affection. However, when I was in high school my education was handicapped by a 200-pound monstrosity in the form of a narrow-minded teacher who raved for days against the advocates of repeal. "How can the imbeciles expect repeal?" she used to shout. "Every one who drinks intoxicating beverages is mentally unbalanced."

It was a pleasure to me to send this teacher a copy of Mr. Mencken's article, with his description of school-teachers underlined.—*W. P. G.*

DECORAH, IA.—After reading Mencken's instructions on how to drink like a gentleman, I read the official figures on the results of the first year of repeal,

Pop

showing that the nation spent \$75,000,000 for beer. At the same time another report showed that the nation spent \$60,000,000 less for milk during that period than in previous years.

Does this mean that parents robbed their babies of milk in order to buy beer?—*J. N. Walker.*

MADISON, CONN.—H. L. Mencken mentioned something about the authorities on gastronomic irrigation being "intoxicated by the exuberance of their own virtuosity." Well, maybe that's as good a way of becoming intoxicated as any.—*Wilbur J. Dowd.*

CHASING COCKROACHES

EDMONTON, ALTA.—The old lady who lives in the next suite to me used to be sweet, amiable, and neighborly; but when I bought some powder and chased my cockroaches into her place things were not the same.

Mr. Roosevelt and his Department of Justice college boys may not be using powder, but whatever the mental suggestion is, they are surely chasing crime pests up into Canada; and as we have no NRA, our hanging department, under the press of extra business, is being forced to work overtime.—*R. H. P.*

BEG PARDON, MR. BERLING

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—In December 1 Vox Pop you had my letter on stop-light equality, but it carried the name Tom Sterling as the author. The name is Tom Berling. Will you please make the correction?—*Tom Berling.*

GOAT WITH THE LOUDEST BLEAT

SAN BERNARDINO, CALIF.—As one of the younger generation of so-called "thinkers" of the liberal school, it seems to me H. G. Wells was somewhat, though not entirely, wrong in his analysis of world trends, and especially the tendency toward a world government, as outlined in *How to Bring Peace on Earth* (December 29 *Liberty*).

Mr. Wells made the common mistake of big minds in crediting Mr. Average Man with more intelligence than Mr. Average Man possesses. A Hitler or a Huey Long can send more people into hysterical outbursts of patriotism or political hocus-pocus in an hour than Mr. Wells can reason into them in ten years. If it came to facing the issue of a world government, just imagine the raucous-voiced gentlemen the munitions makers would sick on the public to lead them away from such an idea. And the poor public will always follow

the goat with the loudest bleat.—*David Baxter.*

MIGHT GET JEALOUS

MONTREAL, QUE.—Men like A Model Citizen, of Boston, who wrote in December 22 *Vox Pop* that he is so perfect in his conduct and physique that he actually envies his wife the privilege of living with him—men like that should be under close observation in a glass cage. One of these days he might get jealous of himself and commit suicide.—*V. V. N.*

AND WE WEEP OVER YOUR ANIMAL STORIES, TOO, MRS. COTTRELL

MIAMI, FLA.—That was a fine story by Sewell Peaslee Wright, *Family Tradition*, published in December 29 *Liberty*. I completely drowned my new Christmas hanky over it.—*Dorothy Cottrell.*

FOUL BALL

HARRISBURG, PA.—Lucius Tuttle, who criticized *Vox Pop* in January 12 *Liberty*, is a foul ball. The only good thing he can claim for himself is that he admits his ignorance in not knowing what it's all about.

Vox Pop, Lucius, teaches us one thing especially, which is that there is a very pronounced difference between intelligent people and those who are dumb. But you, being in the dumb class, probably wouldn't understand that either.—*E. R.*

HEN PARTY

LA SALLE, ILL.—I think *Vox Pop* is more entertaining than even an afternoon hen party.—*Frank Golden.*

MIDDLE-AGED HOME WRECKERS

SASKATOON, SASK.—My little daughter, aged thirteen, is looking over my shoulder as I write this, and she says I had better not sign my name to it. Everybody has a right to their own opinion, she says, and after all she thinks all girls may not be just as good as I think they are.

But I'll take a chance.

One gets tired of hearing middle-aged women such as Elsie Robinson pass judgment on the modern girl, as she did in *Is This the American Girl?* (November 3 *Liberty*). I believe there are more good girls in the world today than ever before, and that it is the middle-aged people who are the home

wreckers. They do not try to understand youth.

I am a business woman and work with girls, and I have yet to meet one that I would not consider good enough to be my daughter.—*B. McDavitt.*

TOO MUCH FRANKLIN

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Beverly Hills's review of *Sequoia* in December 22 *Liberty* certainly won the booby prize. It stated the picture was "directed by Chester M. Franklin, from the novel *Malibu*, by Chester M. Franklin." Vance Hoyt wrote *Malibu*, not Franklin.—*Harcourt Mitchell.*

"EVERY MAN HAS HIS PRICE"

WASHINGTON, D. C.—President Roosevelt should turn the federal crime drive to the cleaning up of the national capital. This voteless city, where millions are paid out monthly in salaries for "the greatest business in the world," presents a grand opportunity to gangsters, extortionists, fraudulent real-estate operators, and grafters.

The psychology of Washington was once Walpole's "Every man has his price." But following the World War it became, "This is my racket. Go get one of your own."—*Ann A. Costia.*

NAME YOUR PRICE

PORTLAND, ORE.—Max Brand's *Name Your Price*, recently concluded in *Liberty*, was a splendid novel. It abounded in every essential element of successful fiction: breath-taking action, tingling suspense, vital drama, and vivid character delineation.—*Elton W. Lillie.*

LET THE RICH SPEND

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Some people can't see beyond the noses on their faces. To wit: E. B. Norcross writes in January 12 *Vox Pop* deploring the great amount of money society women spend at so-called charity balls.

I say, let the rich spend their money on bigger and better parties. They will be aiding the poorer classes by creating a greater demand for goods and services. The real unemployed want jobs, not charity, Mr. Norcross.—*C. H. S.*

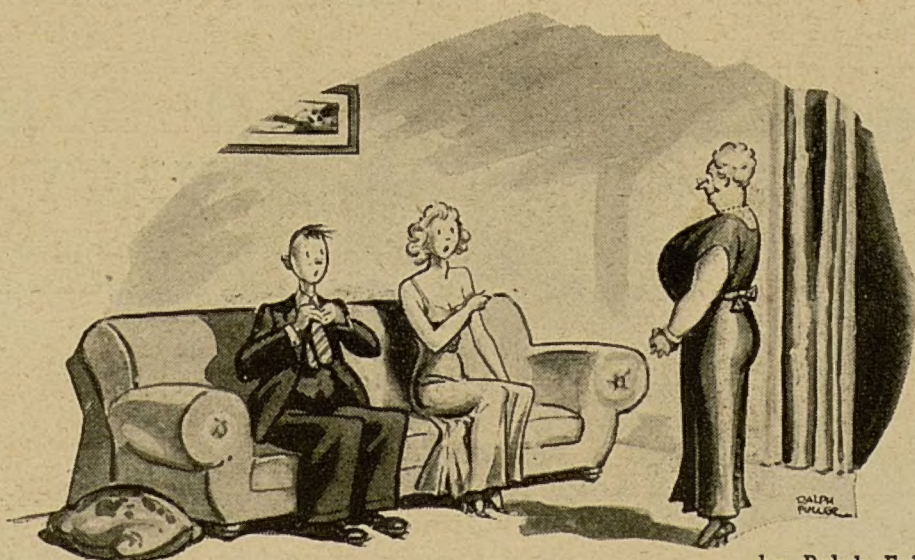
NOT A CULT

DETROIT, MICH.—Clara Beranger in *Is Hollywood Getting Religion?* (January 19 *Liberty*) refers to Christian Science as a cult.

I am surprised at such misinformation. A religion of such dignity and rapid growth should be better understood even by a non-Scientist in this day and age.—*Louis May.*

CALF MADE FACES

OMAHA, NEB.—Will Rogers says he is an ex-cowboy, but while visiting in Hollywood some time ago I saw him try to rope a calf. He whirled his riata above his head and threw it at the calf; but the calf dodged it and got behind a sagebrush and made faces at him.—*W. D. Gay.*



by Ralph Fuller

"How would you young folks like a nice cup of tea?"



"I never thought I'd dance to-night... I tried everything I could think of to get rid of that headache, Jim. Lucky you thought of Bromo-Seltzer. Now I feel fine!"

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Next time, take Bromo-Seltzer. See how quickly your headache is relieved. Bromo-Seltzer contains 5 medicinal ingredients. It often brings relief when other remedies fail. Contains no narcotics; doesn't upset the stomach. Emerson Drug Co., Baltimore, Md., and Bromo-Seltzer, Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

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"Sure I can work late... No, I'm not dragged-out and headachy now. I've had a Bromo-Seltzer since I saw you. And I feel like a different man!"

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Cover by ANTHONY FRAIOLI

★ ★ ★ NEXT WEEK ★ ★ ★

Beginning

SHE MADE HER BED

A novel of marriage in 1935

By

Wallace Irwin

OUR CRIME SCHOOL— THE COUNTY JAIL

Is it any wonder—in view of the appalling conditions here exposed—that the United States leads the world in crime?

asks

Will Irwin

Other stories and articles by Beatrice Grimshaw, Hamilton Williamson, George Beck, Ed W. Smith and Edward Doherty, and others

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